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THE NEGRO RACE.



MRS. FRANCES A. JOSEPH,  
New Orleans, La.

See page 218.

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LEVI COFFIN RECEIVING A BAND OF FUGITIVES

*See Page 169.*



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# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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## THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

WILBUR H. SIEBERT.

WHEN the complete history of the antislavery movement in America shall have been written there will be found in it no chapter so full of strange and romantic incidents, of brave and generous deeds, of moral earnestness in the cause of freedom, and of love of liberty for its own sake as that recounting the work of the underground railroad. This chapter will be an important one, too, if it does justice to an institution that was already existing in Washington's day, and that seems to have had a continuous development from that time until its secret lines extended through fourteen northern states, and helped not merely thousands but tens of thousands of slaves from bondage in the South to liberty in the free states and Canada. It is the purpose of this paper to indicate the conditions under which the road came into existence, what work it accomplished, how it operated and what its political significance was.

The originators and promoters of the underground railroad were persons uncompromising in their allegiance to the doctrine of human

rights as set forth in the Declaration of Independence. The dictates of their consciences they set above the prohibitions of external law. Upright, liberty-loving, fearless, they refused, in the face of all kinds of abuse, to countenance slavery by word or deed, and at the risk of liberty and property they joined in coöperative efforts to afford the wretched fugitive transportation to a place where he might be free. Lines of escape from the southern states to the shores of the Great Lakes early developed, and through two generations they multiplied until the states adjacent to Lake Erie became netted over with a tangle of interlacing routes, while even the states that formed the outlying portions of the zone of free soil—Iowa on the west, and Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and the New England states on the east—were traversed by some important lines.

Even in colonial times, long before the disappearance of slavery from the North, bondsmen were escaping from one colony into another either to save themselves from cruel treatment or to gain that liberty for which they were ever thirsting.



MAP OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD IN NEW ENGLAND.

The gradual establishment of a sectional line between the North and the South served to furnish conditions far more favorable to the escape of slaves than had existed in the earlier days when all of the colonies regarded the question of the recovery of fugitives in the light of self-interest. The question of extradition of runaway slaves was at

issue in the conventions that framed the Constitution and the Northwest Ordinance; and in both instruments occur clauses providing for the return of fugitives from labor. In order that these might be given point and application the first fugitive slave law was enacted in 1793. The penalty for harboring a slave or interfering with his arrest, according



HOUSE OF ELIZABETH BUFFUM CHACE.  
A STATION OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD, VALLEY FALLS, R. I.

to this law, was a fine of five hundred dollars; but the manifest injustice of a measure that permitted the claimant of a negro to seize the alleged fugitive and, by simple affidavit before the proper official, condemn him to lifelong servitude, was sufficient to defeat the law from the outset. Its frequent violation led to agitation on the floor of Congress in 1796, and again in 1801, looking toward the amendment of the law in the direction of increased efficiency; and later, during the period from 1817 to 1822, further propositions in the interests of southern slaveholders were urged. Nothing was effected, however, and the matter seems not to have come up again until 1848. How great a loss was sustained by the South during the half century and more the law of 1793 was in force will never be accurately known. The biographer of General John A. Quitman, one time governor of the state of Mississippi,

commenting on the law, declared that it was defective in that it failed to make provision "for the restitution to the South of the \$30,000,000 of which she had been plundered through the 100,000 slaves abducted from her in the course of the last forty years"—that is from 1810 to 1850; and the same writer attributed the rapid disappearance of slavery from the District of Columbia after 1840 to the clandestine work of the abolitionists, stating that the number of slaves in the District had been reduced since 1840 from 4,694 to 650, by underground railroads and felonious abductions.

These figures can scarcely be correct, but it is nevertheless certain that the injury sustained by southern slave owners through the operations of the underground railroad was large, and that they consequently came to feel that nothing but the most stringent fugitive slave bill would suffice to protect them. A



GEN. SAMUEL FESSENDEN, WHO ENTERTAINED FUGITIVES AT HIS HOUSE ON INDIA STREET, PORTLAND, ME.

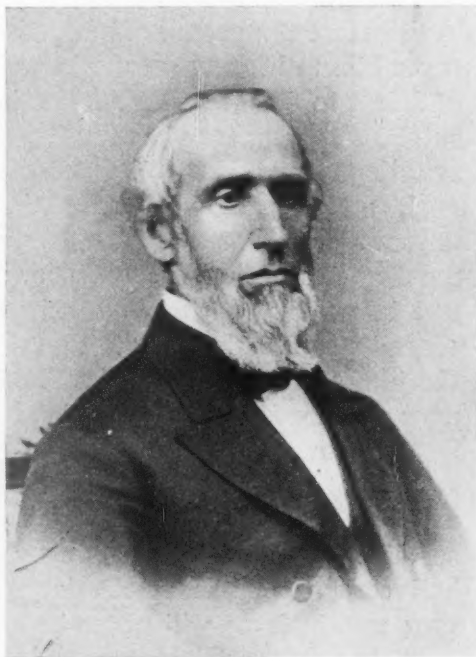
new law embodying the demands of the South was therefore framed in 1850. If its provisions proved to be satisfactory at the outset to the slave states, they were most galling to the free states, and evoked an antagonism that greatly increased the activity of the underground railroad.

The penalty for sheltering a slave or aiding in a rescue was now made one thousand dollars and imprisonment for not more than six months. In case the slave escaped, his helper could be sued to the extent of a thousand dollars. The provisions, however, that were especially aggravating to the minds of northern men were those denying the slave the right to testify in his own behalf, granting the sheriff or United States marshal the power to compel the bystander to help execute the law, and giving the commissioner a

fee of only five dollars when he decided against the claimant, but ten dollars when his decision was in favor of the claimant. Abolitionists and others never before willing to be classed with such "disreputable fanatics" denounced the law and defied it, asserting that they would never submit to be set at the miserable business of slave-catching. They justified their attitude by quoting the scriptural injunction: "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee"—an admonition aptly denominated by ex-President Fairchild of Oberlin College, "the fugitive slave law of the Mosaic institutions."

There were friends of the slave in the South as well as in the North who felt that

"Before man made them citizens, great Nature made them men."



HON. JOSEPH POLAND, AN ANTI-SLAVERY EDITOR, WHOSE OFFICE IN MONTPELIER, VT., WAS A REGULAR STATION.



and that as men they could not resist the appeals made to them in behalf of oppressed humanity. From the vantage ground of Canada former slaves have since declared that they had been helped to escape by planters who were unwilling to see them suffer at the hands of cruel masters. Robert Purvis reports the case of the son of a slaveholder of Newberne, North Carolina, who frequently sent slaves to the vigilance committee at Philadelphia, by placing them on vessels engaged in the lumber trade. Nor did the running slave often lack the sympathy of fellow-bondsmen. Thus it came about that there were many feeders in the southern states for the channels of escape that led across the northern states to Canada.



THE LATE LEWIS G. CLARK OF BOSTON,  
THE ORIGINAL GEORGE HARRIS OF  
"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."



LEWIS HAYDEN, A FUGITIVE SETTLER IN  
MASSACHUSETTS, ABDUCTED FROM  
SLAVERY BY CALVIN FAIRBANK.

How this informal but vast system—extending over more than one-quarter of the present area of the Union—came to be called the underground railroad can not now be accurately ascertained. According to the tradition that appears most trustworthy, the name came from an incident that occurred in 1831. A Kentucky master closely pursued his escaping slave, Tice Davids, across the Ohio River to Ripley, Ohio, where he suddenly lost sight of him. With a mystified air he declared, "That nigger must have gone off on an underground road." The aptness of the designation gained for it general currency. Steam railroads were beginning to be known in the United States at this time, and their terminology was quickly appropriated. Houses where fugitives were regularly given



ELLEN CRAFT DISGUISED AS A PLANTER: SHE ESCAPED TO BOSTON IN 1848 BRINGING HER HUSBAND AS VALET. PORTRAIT LOANED BY SIMEON DODGE OF MARBLEHEAD, WHO HARBORED HER AND HELPED HER TO GET AWAY TO ENGLAND.

refuge were called "stations," their owners "station keepers," those that drove the wagons in which the negroes were conveyed from one place of concealment to the next, or led the way on foot were appropriately called "conductors" or "trainmen" and the little caravans they led were the "trains," while the travellers were described as "passengers," sometimes less considerably as "baggage."

All this heightened the mystery with which the work of running off fugitives was conducted, and indeed the whole method of the service was determined by the need of secrecy. Not only was the safety of the runaways of the first importance, but the danger to those who were braving the law by their midnight labors aroused no little concern. The pur-

suit of slaves by parties of slave-catchers became common during the decades from 1840 to 1860 and was by no means unknown before; the abolitionists became more and more subject to surveillance and assault. In view of these facts it is not surprising that numerous artifices were employed by agents of the road, that the fugitives were conducted or transported from station to station generally in the nighttime, that they were kept in hiding during the day, or so disguised as to be unrecognizable. In spite of the great risks they ran, it is the pride of these abolitionists to declare that they rarely lost a passenger. Each man operated in a field more or less limited, he always knew those of his neighbors to whom he dared confide his charges, but not always those that forwarded them to him, for in general he declined to ask of the fugitive whence he came, preferring to be ignorant of as much damaging information as possible. In case of hot pursuit he would leave the usual route and cut across to neighboring stations on other lines. Thus arose the tangle of routes connecting stations, five, ten, twenty, and sometimes even fifty miles apart, all trending in the general direction of Canada, deviating far eastward of the North Star in the routes of Iowa, Illinois and Indiana, and westward in the eastern states. Across Ohio the fugitives found their shortest cut to freedom, scoring the state over with well beaten tracks.

It is doubtful if a formal organization of these lines would have united them for more effective service. Many local organizations were

arranged, it is true; but the leaders of that day had no conception of the vastness of the enterprise in which they were interested. Levi Coffin, for thirty years reputed president of the road, was perhaps more widely known than any other man in the service; his house at Fountain City, Indiana, was a central station for three lines from the Ohio River.

Peter Stewart, of Wilmington, Illinois, was also well known for his hospitality to the fugitive, and by his co-workers was called the president of the road. A limited organization was effected in Philadelphia in 1838 and Robert Purvis was there chosen president. An instance of the deliberate organization of a single route is that which was accomplished through the efforts of John Cross, a Congregational minister and abolitionist, who travelled through northwestern Indiana and Michigan giving anti-slavery lectures. Soon afterwards those whom he discovered trustworthy received a printed letter stating that a line had been formed through their neighborhood and asking them to be "ready to receive visitors at any hour of the night." Mr. W. B. Williams, of La Porte, Indiana, who received one of these messages, says, "We were further informed who kept the next station east of us and where they lived. It did not concern us to know anything more either to the east or west." The line was a prosperous one, for Dr. Thomas, who lived in Kalamazoo County, Michigan, and had received the same word from John Cross, says that in the twenty years from 1842 to 1862 between one thousand

and fifteen hundred fugitives passed through his hands. After the fugitive slave law of 1850 organization was more common. In the large cities like Detroit, New York, Syracuse, Philadelphia, Boston and Springfield, and in a number of smaller places there sprang up in protest against the measure "vigilance committees" to guard the liberty of the black man. John Brown, while visiting his old home in Springfield, Mass., after the passage of the slave law of 1850, organized a band of forty-four colored persons and admonished them to "stand by one another while a drop of blood remains; and be hanged, if you must, but tell no tales out of school." It is not too much to say, however, on the basis of a great mass of testimony concerning the operations of the underground railroad both before and after 1850, that the road was a thing of spontaneous origin and natural growth, striking root, like some gigantic vine, wherever the soil of abolitionism was most nourishing.

As the exigencies of the case decided what particular route was to be taken, so the ingenuity of the wary operators was often put to the test to furnish safe places of hiding for delayed passengers. Garrets, cellars, secret chambers constructed for the purpose, potato holes under loose boards in the floor, barn lofts, hollow hay-ricks with blind entrances, hazel thickets, corn shocks, churches, caves, and in one instance the antechamber of a masonic lodge, served as places of temporary concealment. When occasion required

a station keeper would be notified in advance by special messenger of the approach of a company or he might receive a note adroitly worded. A few such cabalistic messages are extant. The following lines were addressed by Colonel John Stone, an operator of Washington County, Ohio, to a well-known station agent at Point Har-mar:

"BELPRE, Friday morning.

DAVID PUTNAM:

Business is arranged for Saturday night, be on the lookout and if practicable let a carriage come to meet the caravan. J. S."

The Hon. Thomas Mitchell, of Mitchellville, near Des Moines, forwarded fugitives to Mr. J. B. Grinnell, of Grinnell, Iowa. The latter gives the following note as a sample of the messages that passed between them:

"DEAR GRINNELL: Uncle Tom says if the roads are not too bad you can look for those fleeces of wool by to-morrow. Send them on to test the market and price, no back charges.

"Yours,

HUB."

Thomas Garrett's usual message was, "I send thee two, three or more bags of black wool." From Low Moor, Iowa, May 6, 1859, came the following message:

"DEAR SIR: By to-morrow evening's mail you will receive two volumes of the 'Irrepressible Conflict' bound in black. After perusal please forward and oblige,

"Yours truly, G. W. W."

By the peculiar wording of these messages it was intended that the receiver should get a notion of the number of fugitives coming and also their age, sex and complexion.

But in the great number of cases fugitives came unannounced. When far from the slave states they sometimes travelled by day following the directions given them to find the next stopping place. Dr. James H. Canfield, librarian of Columbia University, says that as a boy in the Battenkill Valley, Vermont, he noticed on certain houses that the fourth or fifth row of bricks from the top of the chimney was painted white, and was told that this was one of the secret signs of an underground railroad station. Every one could interpret the signboard that stood at the crossroads ten miles out from Oberlin, Ohio, on which was painted the life-size figure of a runaway speeding northward. From the upper windows of the house of the Rev. John Rankin, which stood on a bluff overlooking the Ohio River, the midnight lamps of some theological students frequently shone as a beacon to fugitives hesitating on the Kentucky shore. Indeed, each locality had its own peculiar landmarks, and every conductor his own sign and signal announcing his approach with a band of fugitives.

Disguises played an important part in many cases of rescue. Paint, powder, wigs and veils, and the generous eclipse produced by the ample Quaker bonnet of that time, were ready devices. Mr. W. T. S. Manly, of Logansport, Indiana, who kept a station on the old Michigan



road, tells an interesting story of a successful ruse accomplished in 1848. He had been hiding a fugitive for several days, his place was being closely watched, and it was necessary to get the man away. Word was sent to the Powell family living ten miles farther north. In response Mrs. Powell came down in an open farm wagon. When the return trip was made the figure that occupied the stiff straight-backed hickory chair in the springless wagon was apparently Mrs. Powell and passed the watchful slave-catcher without a challenge.

Similar stories are told in almost every community where underground centres were maintained. The humor of the situation was not lost on those active in befriending the slave, and they were often witnesses of scenes rich in dramatic interest. In 1858 a mulatto girl about twenty years old, comely in appearance and possessed of some education, reached the home of the father of Mr. Sidney Speed, of Crawfordsville, Indiana. Mr. Speed tells the story of her rescue.

She was secreted in the garret over the old log kitchen, where fugitives were usually kept when there was danger. There she had to remain several days owing to the presence of her pursuers in the neighborhood. Suspicion finally rested on Mr. Speed, and he began to receive visits from strange men, who came to inquire the price of live stock and remained to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the escaped slave. The girl's place of hiding was seen to be no longer safe, so one dark night she was hurried across

lots to a colored family by the name of Patterson, and here she was arrayed "in as fine a costume of silk and ribbons as it was possible to procure at that time;" she was then furnished with a white baby borrowed for the occasion, and thus disguised as a lady, and accompanied by one of the Patterson girls as servant and nurse, she boarded the train at the station. Great was the shock she felt when she found herself in the same car with her master, who having failed to discover her in the neighborhood, was setting out now to watch for her at the end of the line. Her courage and her lady-like composure did not desert her however, and Detroit was reached in safety. Here she boarded the ferry-boat for Canada. As the boat was about to start she sent ashore her pretended maid with the borrowed baby, and just as the gang-plank was being raised, lifted her veil that she might bid her owner good by. The master's display of anger as he gazed at his departing slave was as real as the situation was gratifying to her, and amusing to the bystanders.

Notwithstanding the fact that abolitionists were constantly taking great hazards in violating the law and defying public opinion, the approval of conscience in obeying what they held to be the higher law, and the gratitude of those assisted made full compensation for all toil and danger. For many years Mr. W. D. Schooley was engaged in underground operations at Spiceland, Indiana, a few miles from Newport, the point of convergence of three "trunk lines" from the South. On

one occasion he was a guide for a colored man, whom he conducted from the union station at Newport to the house of the Quaker, Levi Coffin. The negro had been compelled to flee suddenly from a brutal master, and had left his wife in the South, but declared that he would return for her after he had learned something about Canada. Two years later Mr. Schooley was making another trip over the same route with several refugees, one of whom was a woman. On arriving at Mr. Coffin's house the fugitives were conducted to an upper room, which could only be entered by means of a ladder and trap-door, and in which other fugitives were hidden at the time. Scarcely had the newcomers disappeared into the secret chamber, when the Coffin household was aroused by a sudden outburst of "crying, screaming and shouting." Conductor Schooley at once mounted the ladder and discovered the woman and a man locked in each other's arms. No sooner did they catch sight of Mr. Schooley than he was seized and hugged between them, and overwhelmed with caresses and explanations: the man was on his way South to steal his wife out of slavery and had unexpectedly met her here. With irrepressible joy he cried out, "This is the man that helped me to liberty," and the woman with equal enthusiasm cried, "Lord bress you, honey, dis am de berry man what brung me here dis day!" Such reunions are not uncommon in the history of the underground railroad, and are exemplified by the meeting of George and Eliza under the roof of

Simeon Halliday in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

It was not an unusual thing for underground workers to meet with a slave hastening back on his track after having tasted freedom. It is estimated that not less than five hundred Canadian refugees invaded the southern states every year to lead out of bondage their less fortunate brethren. There were two noted fugitives who counted the number of their rescues by hundreds. Josiah Henson, the founder of Dawn Institute in Canada West, succeeded in abducting more than two hundred of his fellows from the South, and Harriet Tubman\*—called by her people Moses—rescued more than three hundred.

Most white persons that engaged in the underground service were opposed to either enticing or abducting slaves from the southern states. There were, however, a few so zealous in their efforts in behalf of the slaves that they carried on their dangerous enterprises south of Mason and Dixon's line. Some of these persons were caught aiding slaves and were made to suffer severe penalties for their interference with the planter's right of ownership. The Rev. Calvin Fairbank and the Rev. Charles T. Torrey, Daniel Drayton and Jonathan Walker, both boat captains, and Gen. William L. Chaplin were among those whose suffering in southern prisons have given them a place in the list of antislavery martyrs. Mr. Fairbank was instrumental in aiding forty-three persons

\* See COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE of February, 1902.

to escape, while the record of Mr. Torrey included about ten times this number. Among the white abductors that were never proved guilty of "slave-stealing" was the distinguished naturalist, the late Dr. Alexander M. Ross, of Toronto, Canada, who made a number of excursions into the southern states between 1856 and 1862, for the purpose of inciting slaves to flee to Canada by way of underground stations in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana.

The sweetness of liberty to the fugitive slave was a thing scarcely realized by those who befriended him on his long and laborious journey northward. It was only those who witnessed his entrance into the "Promised Land" who really knew what had been the longing for freedom of these simple-hearted people. The experience of Captain Chapman, who lived at one time near Randolph, Cattaraugus County, New York, is to the point. He was the commander of a vessel engaged in the traffic between Buffalo and other points on Lake Erie. Early one morning in Cleveland harbor, as the captain was starting on a voyage to Buffalo, he noticed a small boat put off from shore for his craft. When the boat came alongside he found her manned by two merchants with whom he was well acquainted. These gentlemen had two negroes in charge, and requested the captain to take them aboard his vessel and land them in Canada. "I knew, of course," said the captain, "that these men were fugitive slaves, though they were the first that I had ever seen. I had heard it remarked that

it was only the smartest niggers that ever got away, and thought I, if these are the smartest, what stupid animals the masses of the slaves must be." The captain sought to draw the negroes into conversation and learn something from them in regard to their adventures, but he gained little from them that was intelligible. That these creatures, who seemed to him almost brutes, should really feel or understand the love of liberty, was an idea that scarcely entered his mind. Before entering Buffalo harbor Captain Chapman ran his vessel in near the Canada shore, manned a boat and landed the negroes on the beach. The rest of the story is best told in his own words: "I then . . . told them that they were free. They said, 'Is this Canada?' I said, 'Yes, there are no slaves in this country.' Then I witnessed a scene I shall never forget. They seemed to be transformed, a new light shone in their eyes, their tongues were loosed, they laughed and cried, prayed and sang praises, fell upon the ground and kissed it over and over, embraced a tree and kissed it, and hugged and kissed each other, crying, 'Bress de Lord! Oh, Ise free befo' I die!'" The transports of joy deeply affected the captain. That two persons without home, friends, or a single bright prospect for the future, could go into ecstasies over the mere thought of being free, was to him a revelation. It is perhaps not remarkable under the circumstances that thenceforth he should have been a devoted underground operator.

The section of Canada which the

majority of fugitives reached was the great peninsular portion of Ontario that appears to crowd itself in like a huge wedge between the eastern shore of Michigan and the western shore of New York. From Georgian Bay to Lake Erie this region was dotted over with settlements and single dwellings of refugees. Especially was this true of the southern trip extending from the Detroit and Huron Rivers to the Niagara River. Detroit, Buffalo, Black Rock and Niagara Falls were favorite crossing places; from Toledo, Sandusky, Erie and Dunkirk, thousands of fugitives were taken directly across Lake Erie and landed at convenient points along the shore.

It is impossible to tell how many refugees were sent from these and other ports to become loyal and self-respecting subjects of the Queen. An estimate based on the only reliable figures we have shows that probably 40,000 slaves escaped into Ohio alone, and it is safe to say that at least half of these went on to Canada. Some persons that visited fugitive settlements in the Dominion made estimates of the total refugee population, but the differences among their figures, which range from 15,000 or 20,000 to 75,000, show that little value can be attached to their guesses. Certain it is, however, that the South lost millions of dollars' worth of slaves through the operations of the underground system.

This loss of valuable property by mysterious channels, despite constitutional guarantees and fugitive slave bills, was a source of increasing irritation between the two sec-

tions of the country through a long period of years. Southern members of Congress preferred public charges of bad faith against the free states, and in so doing voiced the universal discontent of the South. These charges were sometimes accompanied by estimates of the amount of human property lost through the failure of northern men to obey the fugitive slave laws. In 1822, Moore, of Virginia, advocated a new fugitive recovery bill, asserting that his district lost four or five thousand dollars' worth of runaway slaves annually. By 1850 complaints of this sort had become more numerous, and the estimates of losses much larger. Thus, in August, 1850, Atchison, of Missouri, informed the Senate that "depredations to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars are committed upon the people of the border slave states of this Union annually." Pratt, of Maryland, said that not less than \$80,000 worth of slaves was lost every year by citizens of his state. Mason, of Virginia, declared that the losses of his state were already too heavy to be borne, that they were increasing from year to year, and were then in excess of \$100,000 per year. Butler, of South Carolina, reckoned the annual loss of the southern section at \$200,000; and Clingman, of North Carolina, said that the thirty thousand fugitives then reported to be living in the North were worth at current prices little less than \$15,000,000.

In the crisis of 1860-61, the records of the violent debates then in progress in Congress contain evidence that the continued violation of



the fugitive slave law was regarded as a most serious accusation by those who made it. In April, 1860, Jones, of Georgia, said in the House: "It is a notorious fact that in a good many of the non-slaveholding states the Republican party have regularly organized societies—underground railroads—for the avowed purpose of stealing the slaves from the border states, and carrying them off to a free state or to Canada. These predatory bands are kept up by private and public subscriptions among the abolitionists; and in many states, I am sorry to say, they receive the sanction and protection of the law. The border states lose annually thousands and millions of dollars' worth of property by this system of larceny that has been carried on for years." Polk, of Missouri, made the same complaint in the Senate in January, 1861. "Underground railroads are established," said he, "stretching from the remotest slaveholding states clear up to Canada. Secret agencies are put to work in the very midst of our slaveholding communities to steal away slaves. The constitutional obligation for the rendition of the fugitive from service is violated. The laws of Congress enacted to carry this provision of the Constitution into effect are not executed. Their execution is prevented. Prevented, first, by hostile and unconstitutional state legislation. Secondly, by a vitiated public sentiment. Thirdly, by the concealing of the slave, so that the United States law cannot be made to reach him. And when the runaway is arrested under the fugitive slave

law—which, however, is seldom the case—he is very often rescued. . . . This lawlessness is felt with special seriousness in the border slave states. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually. And no state loses more heavily than my own. . . . But all these losses and outrages, all this disregard of constitutional obligation and social duty, are as nothing in their bearing upon the Union in comparison with the animus, the intent and purpose of which they are at once the fruit and the evidence."

The noteworthy thing about this long controversy in regard to fugitive slaves is that, unlike the other questions between the sections, it was not subject to compromise. As long as slavery remained in the country, slave owners demanded the restoration of their runaways, and the demand was recognized, first, by the insertion of clauses in the Constitution and the Ordinance of 1787; and, secondly, by the enactment of the fugitive slave laws of 1792 and 1850. But the responsibility thus assumed by the general government could not be met. The operations of the underground railroad were beyond party control. The number of escapes increased rapidly, and hundreds of northern communities were stirred by the affecting sights and stories which the "U. G. R. R." brought to their immediate notice. The free states passed personal liberty laws to protect the fugitive from capture; vigilance committees were organized by prominent men in many of the larger cities for the same purpose; Harriet Beecher

Stowe, herself an underground operator in Cincinnati, wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to portray to the world the runaway's aspirations for liberty; and John Brown proposed to make use of underground methods in carrying out his Harper's

Ferry scheme of liberation. When, therefore, the southern states undertook to secede from the Union, they had ample ground for declaring one of their chief reasons to be the bad faith of the North in refusing to surrender fugitives.



## REMINISCENCES OF TWO ABOLITIONISTS.

LILLIE B. CHASE WYMAN.

**I**T was my good fortune in early girlhood to spend a few summer weeks on a farm in Worcester County, Massachusetts, my hosts the abolitionists, Stephen S. and Abby Kelley Foster. They were a thoroughly united pair, completely one in affection and purpose, but it is doubtful if it ever occurred to any one who knew them to speak or think of the wife as Mrs. Stephen Foster. They had come to love each other in consequence of association in a struggle of grim incident and grand significance,—a struggle which had led them to perhaps underestimate the value of many social conventions.

He was one of those unique characters who come to the front in periods of storm and stress. In an antislavery or woman's rights meeting, he might have been most fitly described by the lines which Lowell wrote about Theodore Parker:

"Every word that he speaks has been  
fierily furnaced  
In the blast of a life that has struggled  
in earnest."

He was logical to the point of unreason. Mary Grew, one of the Philadelphia abolitionists, said of him in later years, smiling the while at some recollection, "Logic was the death of Stephen!" His style of argument was as follows: slavery is

the sum of villanies, such as theft, murder and rapine; the Southern church supports slavery, hence Southern clergymen are guilty of all villanies; Northern clergymen extend the right hand of fellowship to Southern clergymen, thus they condone and partake of their guilt. From such general premises he would proceed with unfaltering energy to the close personal conclusion, that the Rev. X., a Northern gentleman of the most amiable character conceivable, was guilty, before God, of theft, murder and rapine. An argument of this sort was presented one Sunday afternoon to Theo. Brown, Harry Blake and John C. Wyman of Worcester, to their utter discomfort and bewilderment. Blake, who loved the Rev. Mr. X., was a Transcendentalist of that New England type of character which is helpless in the clutches of its conscience and can be frightened into the conviction that anything is sinful by the mere suggestion that it may be. "Foster has proved it," lamented Blake to his lighter minded companions as they all walked away after the argument, "Foster has proved that X. is a murderer and a thief,—and yet he isn't!"

Mr. Foster was, as nearly as it is possible for a man to be, free from unkind personal feeling. His attitude towards opponents was always such as once impelled him to say in a public meeting, "I *love* my friend Higginson, but I *loathe* his opinions." In his home life, as I knew him, this doughty warrior upon evil was the most lovable of men, gently lenient to our chattering impertinence, and

sympathetically disposed to the spirits of youth.

He was a sturdy farmer of his New England fields. "I should *hate* farming in the West," he once said. "I should hate to put my spade into ground where it did not hit against a rock." His features were as rugged as the rocks he loved, and his hands were hard and gnarled with toil. His gestures were ungainly, but his voice was beautiful. His eyes were blue and kind, but sometimes there was a look in them as of a man, bent indeed on going his appointed way in this world, but who did not always see a light upon that way.

Foster made his antislavery lecturing trips devotedly, as on a crusade to possess the Lord's tomb, but theologically and religiously he was the child of his generation. The lack of sympathy on the part of the Northern churches with the antislavery movement, and the open support given to slavery by many ministers, North and South, had its inevitable result in the minds of most abolitionists. It destroyed their belief in the value of the church as an institution, and was, according to historical necessity, accompanied by much question as to the truth of the abstract doctrines taught. And this questioning was rendered keener and more fruitful of revolt by the theological and religious speculation arising at the same time in the wake of the Unitarian, the Universalist and the Transcendental movements. Revolt is the parent of revolt. The abolitionists underwent changes of belief, and some of them, after re-

nouncing their original definite system of theology, never formulated for themselves any other, and yet all study of their lives and their work will fail to reveal the secret of their power, if the religious character of both be not clearly apprehended.

The only daughter of Stephen and Abby Foster writes of their religious opinion in their later years:

"My mother believed firmly in a great divine power, the Go(o)d, but not in a God with whom she could hold personal relations as a child does with its parent. I have heard her tell with a smile, that when she was a child she used to imagine God looking like a venerable Friend, sitting in a big chair in the garret. Her belief was that the Creator was too great and good for the feeble and imperfect natures of his creatures to comprehend. The truths which he puts into our souls and into nature are the only part of himself that He allows us to know. But as our lives develop in future ages we shall grow more like Him and know Him more and more. She was sure of this continued existence—a life of labor, not of rest, for she believed that only by struggle could the spiritual and intellectual powers be developed. Her religious belief was a part of her very being and gave a calmness and peace to her later life which enabled her to live or die with equal resignation.

"With my father it was different. The longer he lived the stronger became his doubts. His only relief was in labor, and when health failed, and he could do nothing to better the conditions of humanity, his

agony was intense. He could see no righteousness in the conduct of the world, and he was not reconciled to the existence of evil. The one thing he was sure of was that it was right and wise for him to follow the dictates of his conscience. He was not sure of immortality, but he longed to end this life of suffering, even if his spirit were to be annihilated. When work was done, life was only death to him."

Much of the more strenuous reform labor done by this husband and wife was performed before their opinions had settled into the grooves indicated in their daughter's letter. Such as they were, doubts and beliefs were alike the spoils wrung from the enemy in a most sincere battle with life, a "death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word."

There was more effect in Foster than in his wife of what may be called richness of nature. She was one of those persons in whom heart, intellect and conscience are undisturbed by temperament, while in him it was an atmosphere which trailed its own mists and colors across the true image of his character. The study of Stephen Foster's life during the years before he married Abby Kelley covers one of those obscure portions of history, the knowledge of which is necessary to a perfect comprehension of the action that nations take in critical hours. The seed that he sowed in many a New England valley, and scattered over the plains of Ohio, ripened red and rich on Southern battlefields.



Stephen Symonds Foster was the ninth in a family of thirteen children and was born in Canterbury, New Hampshire, in November, 1809. His father, Colonel Asa Foster, had been a Revolutionary soldier. His mother was a beautiful and gracious woman, and she and her husband both lived to be nearly a hundred years old. The home was a farm of several hundred acres, situated on a hillside overlooking the Merimac. Stephen, predestined by every faculty of his being to do a reformer's work in the world, began his service on earth as a carpenter and builder. At twenty-two he entered upon a course of collegiate study to prepare himself for the ministry of the Orthodox Congregational Church. The son of a soldier, he had already adopted the principle of non-resistance, and when he was called on while in Dartmouth College to perform military duty, he refused, was arrested, and put into jail in Haverhill. He found the jail in a terribly unsanitary condition. Men were there imprisoned for debt as well as for crime. Stephen moved among these wretched creatures like a pitying angel, receiving their confidences and observing their condition, after which he published an indignant letter calling attention to the state of affairs. This protest excited so much interest that an effort was made to clean the prison, when the filth on the floors was found to be so deep and hard that men were obliged to dig it up with pickaxes. The reform in this jail led to investigation and an effective movement to improve the whole prison system of New Hamp-

shire, as a consequence of which imprisonment for debt was soon abolished.

His college studies finished, Stephen entered, for a theological course, the Union Seminary in New York. Here something occurred, which probably had much to do with teaching him that he could not labor within the fold of the American church. A question as to boundaries seemed at that time to threaten the peace between the United States and Great Britain. Being opposed to war for any cause whatever, Stephen and a few of his friends proposed to hold a meeting for prayer and conference in relation to this shadowy menace of conflict. He asked the use of a lecture room for this purpose, and was surprised as well as grieved to find the faculty of the seminary, not only unwilling to grant the room, but unfavorable to the holding of such a meeting anywhere. He had already begun to be uneasy at the attitude of the churches towards slavery, and now arose in his mind a new misgiving and a doubt whether the church as a whole maintained its claim to the Christian name and character. But still the Orthodox faith and the desire to be a minister died hard in him. In 1834 he was teaching in a small country town, and it is recorded of him that his religious influence was so strong that it was largely due to him that nearly every one of his scholars who had passed the fifteenth year became converted and joined the church, while the venerable minister of the place commended him, saying that "with young Mr.

Foster evidently was the secret of the Lord!"

In this same year Foster made the acquaintance of Parker Pillsbury, a dark-eyed, broad-shouldered youth, also a teacher hoping and working to become a minister. Foster gave him lessons in ethics which made of him an abolitionist, and the hearts of the two men clave at once to each other. Pillsbury had the temperament of a Hebrew prophet, and when he spoke against the institution which his soul abhorred, it was in the language of Jeremiah, and with a voice whose rich melancholy tones could never be forgotten by the ears that heard them.

Pillsbury was an unordained minister looking forward to a settlement: when he received a copy of the following questions sent by a committee whose chairman was Stephen Foster, to all the ministers of the New Hampshire county in which he was preaching:

1. *Do you, or do you not believe that a man's right to liberty is derived from God, and is therefore inalienable?*

2. *Do you regard slaveholding, under all circumstances, as a sin against God, and an immorality?*

3. *Do you approve and support the principles and measures of the American Antislavery Society and kindred organizations?*

4. *Do you allow the claims of the Antislavery Society the same prominence in the pulpit exercises of the Sabbath as those of other benevolent institutions?*

5. *Are the slave-owners excluded from the communion of the church to which you minister, and slave-owning ministers from the pulpit?*

6. *Are you in favor of withdrawing all Christian fellowship from slave-owners?*

7. *Are you in favor of supporting such benevolent institutions as admit slave-owners to participate in their manage-*

*ment, and knowingly receive into their treasuries the avails of the unrequited toil of the slave, and the human flesh auctions of the South?*

It was not until 1839 that Foster entirely relinquished his purpose to become a minister. By that time his experience in antislavery work had shown him the utter impossibility of any such service for him. For some years he pursued the ordinary life of the peregrinating antislavery apostle of his day, going from town to town, almost begging people to come to hear his message. In few places could he get an adequate hearing. The church dignitaries forbade him the use of their meeting-houses, and if he obtained places in which to speak, they forbade the people to go to hear his gospel. The town of Stratham furnished a couple of amusing incidents to the history of this tragicomic warfare between a reformer and the nation which he sought to reform. Once he and Pillsbury found there a meeting-house opened and warmed for them at the hour for which they had requested it, but not a soul came to sit on its benches and listen to their words. Foster made a second visit in the next springtime to the town, and a dozen persons gathered in the hall, and he began his address. Suddenly, when he was in the middle of a sentence, every one of his hearers arose, probably at some prearranged signal, and walked solemnly and quietly out of the room, leaving him with mouth open, and arms in the air, his gesture half made, and his spirit perhaps more disconcerted than at any other moment of his life.

In the summer of 1841, a three-

days' convention was held in Nantucket Island, and there Frederick Douglass, then a young and unknown fugitive slave, made a great speech, which was a revelation alike to the abolitionists and to himself of his capacities. Parker Pillsbury came away from this convention much excited but also much dissatisfied with all past achievements. He wrote to Foster: "After all, I must come to New Hampshire, brother Stephen. The rocks must echo there the coming era, and the adjacent hills must reply, as we proclaim through the state the doctrines and demands of universal brotherhood of man. We must show ourselves what we are already called, 'dangerous men.' Devise some plan, if you can, by which we may improve on the operations of the past. If we scourged the proslavery church and clergy last year with whips, let us this year chastise them with scorpions! To the popular prevailing denomination we are infidels indeed, and we mean to be, and are willing to be scandalized as such."

A month after this letter was written, Foster answered its appeal to inaugurate new methods. On the seventeenth of September, 1841, he went in to the old North Church, the first Congregational church in Concord, New Hampshire, and just as the minister was about to begin his sermon, he stood up and in a solemn and dignified manner claimed the right, in his character as a man and a Christian, to be heard in behalf of the people who were enslaved in this country. He was seized by two keepers of the state prison who

were present and was dragged out of the church.

After Foster's death, Parker Pillsbury made a memorial address and his comments on this incident and on Foster's later career offer such a complete exposition of the situation as it appeared to these two comrades in reform, and is of such historical value because of its testimony to the autocratic character of the New England churches of the period, that it is necessary to make some lengthy quotation from it. Pillsbury referred to the Concord episode and then said, "From that time, a system of operations was commenced, unlike anything that had been known to this country before, especially as relating to the subject of American slavery. What else could the man do? What else could any earnest man do? Emerson had said a little while before, 'Let the world beware when the gods let a man loose in it.' From that hour there was a man loose in the world, and instinctively church and clergy found it out. That was his method—what other could have been so effectual? Scarcely any of us agreed with him. I knew him well or I should not have agreed with him. I knew the zeal, bravery and devotion, the religious devotion, using that word in its highest sense, of that man's soul, and I knew he was inspired with the very spirit of the Highest, and I could afford to stand by him. I am proud that I did." Mr. Pillsbury spoke of "the extreme guilt of the church and clergy in their connection with slavery," and added, "by church and clergy, I mean all

the great popular and religious denominations in the land at that time. I know of but one doctor of divinity at that time in the evangelical church or pulpit of America who was not at least an apologist for the slaveholder; and that one was the Rev. Albert Barnes of Philadelphia. I don't think there was a university or college in America that would have made a doctor of divinity of any denomination, who was not known as an apologist for slavery. There were circumstances in which we obtained a hearing; but these were rare. As an instance of the power of the church, the venerable Dr. Beecher, the father and founder of the Beecher house of clergy, declared he could tell of a minister who, having preached in his parish for fifty years, became the patriarch of the village, and once when a lecturer came there to speak, whom he thought the people ought not to hear, he went out and walked up one side of the street and down the other, telling the people they had better not go, and every soul stayed at home." Reference was also made by Pillsbury to the clerical letter issued once in Massachusetts, "where the ground was taken that we had no right to go into a village where there was a stated minister, to attempt to inculcate doctrines which he disapproved." "Now," continued the old abolitionist, veteran of a thousand moral battles, "since they would not preach the truth, nor allow us to speak to the people, so far as they could prevent it, what was left for an earnest man to do? I see no need of any defence for the course pursued. He claimed

the right as a Christian and a man, and always proceeded, New Testament in hand, and New Testament on his ever-ready tongue, as his apology and defence."

A few passages from the memorial address made by Wendell Phillips on the same occasion help to bring vividly before us the unique and noble personality of Stephen Foster:

"However much mob violence might seek his life, and drunken madness resist his exhortation, the average public felt the majesty of the man. It is a mistake to say that he ever 'scolded'; he never uttered anything but the holiest and loftiest indignation, and they who heard it, those who looked into his eye, and were thrilled by his voice, knew that it came from the depths of the most compassionate and gentlest of souls. Foster could not have grown up anywhere but in New England. He was born of the Old Testament, and he knew thoroughly the New England that was similarly bred to himself. At home in every part of the Bible, familiar with its text and full of its spirit, he and the best part of his audience met on a common ground.

"The ground he tilled never needed another cultivation. So, when men said to me, in years gone by, 'Stephen is erratic,' 'Stephen lacks judgment,' 'Stephen repels more than he attracts,' I pointed them to towns where he had labored, to the homes he brought within the circle of antislavery influence, to the men whom he persuaded to lay life and all they had on the altar. You are not to-day,



the younger portion of you, in a condition to measure the vastness of the sacrifice that men were called upon to make in 1835 and 1840. You do not know how bitter, how unrelenting, how persistent, how ingenious was the opposition. It needed something to shake New England and stun it into listening. He was the man, and offered himself for the martyrdom. He never bored you, as some reformers do, with his virtue or his 'causes.' In private he could pass, more easily than many men, from grave to gay, and he was the sunshine of any circle, enjoying wit and every kind of intellectual life. He had no atom of envy or jealousy or conceit, and trusted his friends without stint. But he never trifled. You felt he had a great work to do, and 'could not come down' to your worldly and carkling level. You approached him with respectful deference, and strove to rise to what you knew was his atmosphere. The best took no liberties with him. He made the atmosphere in which he was, and men accommodated themselves to it and him."

Stephen Foster's daughter said once of her parents, "My mother found it hard to like people with whom she differed, but my father loved everybody." As a speaker, Foster was forcible and witty, and very ready in retort. One of the stories told of him is that on one occasion a slaveholder, availing himself of the freedom of speech always granted on the antislavery platform, ventured upon it to argue in behalf of the "peculiar institution." Foster contradicted some assertion made by this man, who, in

return, asked indignantly, "Do you think I would lie?" "Well," returned Stephen, in his rich, kindly voice, "I don't know as you would lie, but I do know that you will steal."

During the years of the early forties, Foster and Parker Pillsbury travelled much together on their apostolic errands. They collected money for their "cause," but let their own needs wait. After a meeting in Pembroke, N. H., the two comrades secured one bed, and also lodging and care for the horse with which they were driving across the country from meeting to meeting, but they went supperless to their own slumbers. The next morning they spent four cents for baker's biscuits, and four more for raisins, and sitting down by the stove in the store where they had made their purchases, they broke their long fast. This trip lasted eight days, and when they returned to Concord, N. H., which was Pillsbury's home, they found that although they had induced a goodly number of people to subscribe five dollars each towards liquidating an antislavery publishing debt, they had left as salary for their labors just thirty-seven cents. Pillsbury, who had a delicate wife, tells the story in his "Acts of the Antislavery Apostles," and admits that he did not smile, though Foster may have done so, when the latter commented genially on the situation, by saying, "Well, Parker, I have no wife and you have; so this time we will not divide." Pillsbury went home to find his wife without money, and so nearly destitute of food that he

broke a resolution which he had formed never to be in debt, and contracted a grocery bill for three dollars, the money to pay which came in some almost miraculous manner before night.

A typical experience occurred to Foster in May, 1842. He tried to obtain the loan of a place in Amherst in which to speak. The meeting-houses were all refused, and apparently for no reason except aversion to his subject, save in the case of the Universalist Church, which was engaged for another purpose at the desired time. Foster then asked the Baptist and the two Congregational ministers of the town to permit him to address their congregations at the regular meetings on the next day, which was Sunday. They all refused, but on that Saturday evening he attended a meeting in the vestry of one of the Congregational churches, and spoke for twenty minutes to the audience there assembled, and received respectful attention. The next forenoon he reflected calmly upon the situation, offered "fervent prayer for divine guidance," and then wended his way to the Baptist Church. The minister, who was about to begin his sermon when Foster arose, took the alarm, and called out to him to be silent, as he wished to go on with the regular services. Foster gave no heed to this but proceeded to speak, whereupon a deacon sprang at him from behind, and as Foster would not forcibly resist force, succeeded in speedily dragging him off the platform, which he had mounted, and three or four other men lend-

ing their assistance, carried the interloper into the street. Once out in the open air, Foster asked the deacon if he was his prisoner, and was told that he was not. Being then released, the undaunted abolitionist turned immediately to go back into the church, whereupon the deacon and his associates caught him again and this time held on to him. A messenger was dispatched for the constable who was found attending service in the Universalist Church. This village dignitary came hastily to the scene, and, aided by the deacon, dragged Foster along the road, holding him by the arms and collar. They thus conveyed him some fifteen rods, to a tavern, where they tumbled him on to the bar room floor. Foster would never, on occasions like this, help his captors by voluntary locomotion, and so it chanced that, a little later, he was carried up two flights of stairs, and thrown into a small room, where he was left in charge of two keepers.

"Having secured me," he says, "in this temporary prison, the deacon returned to his meeting, to tender to the church the emblems of the body and blood of the Prince of Peace. During the evening one of my keepers left. The other remained through the night, and slept with his clothes on, the door locked and the lamp burning. Indeed, I was as strictly guarded as though I had been a felon, waiting only an opportunity to escape. At ten o'clock on Monday morning I was put on trial before Israel Hunt. The complaint set forth that I had entered the Baptist meeting-house

'with force and arms,' and disturbed the meeting by making a noise, by rude and indecent behavior, etc., etc. Mr. Pratt testified that I treated him 'ungentlemanly.' On being asked what I said or did that was ungentlemanly, he could not recollect, he said, then, but he was certain, *very*, that I treated him 'ungentlemanly.' As I do not acknowledge allegiance to any human power, I made no defence. I asked the witnesses some questions, and said a few words, but they were designed to influence the audience present, rather than the decision of Mr. Hunt. In that I felt no interest. Mr. Hunt's sentence was that I pay a fine of three dollars and costs of prosecution; intimating that a repetition of the offence would be followed by a much heavier penalty. I assured him I had done my duty in attempting to preach the gospel to the Baptists, and it was contrary to my sense of propriety to pay a fine for it. Mr. Hunt then ordered me to be imprisoned in Amherst jail till the fine was paid. At ten o'clock the next day this order was carried into effect, by my incarceration in this loathsome prison, where duty to God and my countrymen requires me to remain at present. Relief is kindly offered me from various sources, whenever I shall think proper to accept it. But I feel that the object is not yet accomplished that my heavenly Father had in view in sending me to this dismal abode. And till that is done, I have no wish to be relieved. To one as restless as I am, imprisonment is oppressive. I can now surely 're-

member them that are in bonds, as bound with them.'"

It was not at all certain to these itinerant apostles of freedom that death at the hands of the mob might not be their final portion. Pillsbury admits that he always dreaded an encounter with mob violence, though his courage invariably rose to meet it when the hour of its fury had fairly set in, but he never discerned in Foster any signs of agitation, either while the tempest of human wrath was gathering or after it had burst over their heads. Yet in a letter Foster speaks as though he had dreaded to enter upon the path he was pursuing, not indeed from fear of bodily injury, but because he shrank from the contumely and mockery to which he must expose himself. "I was a slave," he says, "I am a slave no longer. My lips have been sealed by man. They will never be again till sealed in death. My body is freely yielded to the persecutors to torture at pleasure. But my spirit must and shall be free."

One Sunday Foster attempted to speak during the forenoon meeting in the South Church of Concord, New Hampshire, and having been summarily ejected from the building, he went again in the afternoon, and began his harangue the moment he entered the body of the house. He was dragged out by some young men, who did not wait even to receive orders from the pulpit. These fellows handled their victim so roughly that he was hurt to such an extent that his companion, Pillsbury, was alarmed and had to venture into the church again to sum-

mon the doctor forth from the sanctuary. Foster was then taken to the home of a sympathizing friend, and there he remained till the next afternoon, when the sheriff came to arrest him. Pillsbury and other friends, having heard of the proposed arrest, proceeded to the house to behold a scene as in a comedy, but it was a comedy with a significance which had to do with grave issues in the history of reform. Foster was found to be still very lame as an effect of the yesterday's encounters, and he was seated in an easy-chair. The sheriff did not wholly relish the job he had in hand, and was as polite as possible. "Mr. Foster," he said, "I have authority here to take you before Judge Badger, to answer to a charge of disturbing public worship." Foster replied blandly, "I do not know of any business between me and my friend Badger requiring my attendance to-day, and must decline to answer your call."

The sheriff insisted, but very kindly, and undoubtedly with much misgiving as to the outcome of the interview with this terrible, non-resistant antagonist. Foster would not, and indeed could not, easily stir to accompany the officer of the law, so at last that worthy requested some of Foster's anti-slavery friends who were in the room to help carry his desired prisoner out to the carriage. The abolitionists refused to give their aid, but Foster himself good naturedly suggested that the minister and the young heroes of the preceding day would be the proper helpers on this occasion. Meanwhile the townsfolk

gathered in excited groups about the house. Public sympathy appears to have been with Foster, for the sheriff had difficulty in persuading any man to come to his aid. "Finally, one member of the church and a working man not of the church came in with the officer, and taking Foster gently in their hands and arms, bore him bareheaded to the door and placed him on the carriage seat. The sheriff said that it was 'a very unpleasant duty to perform,' which we well understood before. A crowd followed the prisoner to the judgment hall. It was on the second story, and the stairway being narrow, it was truly a ludicrous operation for the officer and his posse to climb it with so unseemly a burden. Foster said afterwards that he felt rather serious than otherwise, till ascending the stairs, feet foremost, high above his head, and yet handled with the utmost caution, he could not help laughing outright, and did not recover his gravity again through the whole farcical trial."

The trial had the characteristic peculiarity which the prisoner was apt to impart to such occasions in his experience. He disconcerted one witness who testified that Foster had violated the regulations of the church, by asking whether it would be contrary to those regulations to come into the church and give the alarm if the child of the witness were being kidnapped. When the bothered man had been forced to admit that he did not think that would be an unjustifiable interruption of the services, Foster drew his prompt conclusion, and



asked if it would be violating the regulations of the South Church to give alarm when two millions and a half of the witness's countrymen were being kidnapped. The audience listened with delight to Foster, and the poor witness cried in despair, "These questions are asked for sport."

Pillsbury claims that there was no existing law against which Foster had really offended, but the judge was determined to convict, and he sentenced the prisoner to pay a fine of five dollars and costs. Immediately the men in court, who were listening, threw the necessary money on the table. These contributors were not professed abolitionists, and their action convinced the judge that the people of Concord were not with him in his decision, so he made a hasty moral retreat, and remitted the fine. Foster had, of course, protested against the recognition of the sentence implied by the payment of the fine, but his friends had not heeded him, and now that the court refused the money, they handed it to him, and he accepted it as a contribution to the antislavery cause.

The people of Lynn, Massachusetts, passed a very exciting Sunday during the year of 1842. On the Saturday evening, Parker Pillsbury, Nathaniel P. Rogers, Stephen Foster and Thomas Parnell Beach all found themselves in the town, and immediately began to lay plans for vigorous work to be done on the morrow. Foster went to Mr. Cook, the Congregational minister, and requested to be allowed to preach for him at some one of the Sunday ser-

vices. Mr. Cook refused, and then the abolitionist asked if the use of the church might be granted for an antislavery meeting at five in the afternoon, or at any other hour when it was not needed for ordinary purposes. Mr. Cook refused this request also, and added gratuitously the threat that if Foster ever came into the house to speak without invitation, he should be "taken care of." Mr. Foster replied with unruffled serenity that it was uncertain where he should speak the next day, but probably somewhere in Lynn. Meanwhile, Pillsbury and Beach visited Overseer Nathan Breed of the Friends' Society, and asked of him permission to occupy the Friends' meeting-house during a part of Sunday. When this request was refused, the two agitators told Breed that he must not be surprised if they spoke in the regular meeting. This would be a proceeding presumably in complete harmony with the principles and practices of Friends, and Breed answered to the suggestion, "You will find us a peaceable people."

The next day, June twenty-fifth, was a lovely day, and the abolitionists sallied forth in the perfect weather, to bear their testimony upon practical righteousness. Foster, Pillsbury and Rogers repaired to Mr. Cook's church, and as soon as the long prayer was finished, Foster, who had been standing with the rest of the congregation, instead of sitting down, began at once to speak. His manner was solemn and his voice low and serious. "Sit down," cried the indignant minister; and "Sit down, sir," he cried again;

and as the deep warning voice went on, the minister thundered out, "I command you in the name of the commonwealth to sit down." At this word the sexton and two other men seized Foster, and the application of force to his passive body and non-resistant soul resulted, this time, in his being carried out from the church, face downward, two men bearing his shoulders between them, while one comically short man held on to his ankles, as if they were the handles to a wheelbarrow. Outside the edifice they released him, and he rose to his feet, looked at his captors, and remarked pleasantly, "This, then, is your Christianity, is it?" He further improved the opportunity by speaking to a number of the audience who had followed the ridiculous procession in which he had been the principal figure, till the sexton interrupted, ordering the people to go back into the church. "No breaking in upon worship, friend sexton," said Rogers. "Don't drive folks in, if you do drag them out." This remark broke the tension of the moment, and sexton and abolitionists, all Yankees alike, joined in a good humored burst of laughter.

After a few minutes more of anti-slavery exhortation the undismayed Foster walked across the common and entered the Baptist meeting-house, not many rods distant from the church whence he had just been expelled. Here he sat down and waited quietly till the services were through, then arose and began to speak as the audience was moving towards the door. Instantly he was pounced upon and hurried along the

aisle, out the door and down the steps with such violence that his clothing was torn and he somewhat hurt. He rose from the ground on to which he had been hurled, addressed some gentle words to the multitude, and walked away to the house of William Bassett, an antislavery Quaker. Rogers remained, meditating upon the scene, and some young Baptists began to rail at him, telling him that he and his fellow reformers ought to be tarred and feathered and cowhided. "Ah," said Rogers, "does your gospel run like that, my friends?"

At noon the abolitionists issued notices that they would hold a meeting that afternoon at six o'clock, in Lyceum Hall, which they had secured. Rogers, Beach and Foster then attended an afternoon meeting of the Friends' Society. Beach was a young man who had given up the Congregational ministry to work for the slave. He broke the silence of the Quaker gathering, bearing a testimony against the indifference of Friends towards the evils of slavery, war and intemperance, till a Friend rose from one of the high seats and said, "Thy speaking is an interruption of our worship." This was a rebuke, delivered according to the manner sanctioned among Friends, when it was deemed necessary to check unwelcome or ill-considered speech in their meetings. Beach made answer that he had supposed speech to be free in Friends' meetings, and proceeded with his remarks. Another voice from the high seats requested his silence, and finally a third elder got on his feet and asked to be heard. Beach an-

swered him in pharaseology akin to that used by his hearers, saying, "If anything is revealed to thee, I will hold my peace." But all that the elder had to say was again to request the abolitionist not to disturb the meeting by further speech, and Beach went on with his exhortation and criticism. The elders, now in despair, gave the signal for closing the meeting. As the drab-garmented folk began to pass down the aisles, William Bassett called, entreating them to stay and hear the truth. His mother, an elderly and venerated mother, rushed forward at this, and with every sign of great distress begged her son not to take the part of the abolitionists. "Mother," said young Bassett, tenderly but firmly, "I am about my heavenly Father's business and cannot hear thee now." Most of the older men left the house, but the women and the young men lingered to hear Bassett, and when he had finished, Foster began to speak with unusual fervor, having been much moved by the scene between Bassett and his mother. The older men now made a rush back into the house, seized Foster and hurried him on towards the door. The young men, however, interfered energetically, and secured for him at last a full and free opportunity to speak in a religious house in Lynn.

When they all finally left the Quaker meeting-house, Beach took a notice of the proposed antislavery meeting to be held in Lyceum Hall to the First Methodist Church, from which he was speedily cast out with a dislocated thumb. Foster went with a similar notice to the Baptist

Church, whence he had been dragged only a few hours previously. Both men intended to wait till the services were through before reading their notices, but Foster, too, was grabbed and carried out as soon as he was seen in the church. The Quakers had torn off part of his coat collar in their assault upon him, and the Baptists now tore one of his sleeve cuffs. More than that, they actually shut him up for fifteen or twenty minutes in a dark closet under the staircase, a place where the sexton kept the lamps, oil cans and similar utensils belonging to the establishment.

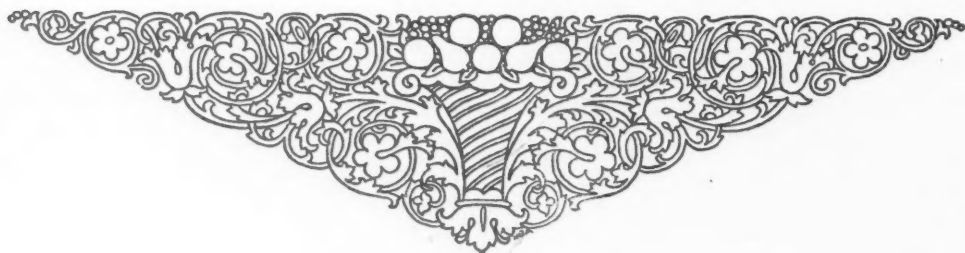
In the final years of the anti-slavery conflict conditions had somewhat changed, and Mr. Foster did not consider it necessary to go uninvited into churches, there to interrupt the services with his appeals and denunciations, but at times, when he felt with especial pain the moral indifference of the nation, he would think of that old method of his, and tell his friends that he was not sure but that he should again hear the inner voice, commanding him to resume his former habit and startle the American people into listening to the truths which he had to utter. His life was always "strenuous," and it was in the thick of his contest with the churches that he wrote a notable letter to Rogers, dated at Canterbury, New Hampshire, January 15, 1842:

"I am now laid on the shelf for the present, perhaps for the winter. Possibly even for a longer period. Indeed, when I dare look on my shattered form, I sometimes think prisons will be needed for me but

little longer. Within the last fifteen months four times have they opened their dismal cells for my reception. Twenty-four times have my countrymen dragged me from their temples of worship, and twice have they thrown me with great violence from the second story of their buildings, careless of consequences. Once in a Baptist meeting-house they gave me an evangelical kick in the side, which left me for weeks an invalid. Times out of memory have they broken up my meetings with violence, and hunted me with brickbats and bad eggs. Once they indicted me for assault and battery. Once, in the name of outraged law and justice, have they attempted to put me in irons. Twice have they punished me with fine for preaching the gospel; and once in a mob of two thousand people have they deliberately attempted to murder me, and were only foiled in their designs after inflicting some twenty blows on my head, face and neck, by the heroism of a brave and noble woman. To name her in this besotted age would be to cast pearls before swine; but her name shall be known in other worlds. Still, I will not

complain, though death should be found close on my track. My lot is easy compared with that of those for whom I labor. I can endure the prison, but save me from the plantation."

Mobs accompanied the abolitionists to the end. Lucy Stone came later than many into the field of labor, but Parker Pillsbury once saw her hit on the head by a large prayer book hurled across the hall, and she gives an account of Foster's facing with her a furious mob on Cape Cod. It was not till twenty years after the above letter was written that slavery was abolished. Those years in the life of Stephen Foster can best be studied in his connection of love and labor with the woman whom he married. No permanent record has been made of much of the work done by this husband and wife. They travelled and toiled in obscure districts, and only occasionally do their struggling figures come clearly into the view of the student of the times, but always when thus glimpsed they are seen to be indeed strange, almost grotesque, but Hebraically impressive and worthy of utmost reverence.





## OF ONE BLOOD.\*

### OR, THE HIDDEN SELF.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

#### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO VI.

Reuel Briggs, a young medical student, interested in mysticism, sees a face that haunts him. He attends a concert with his friend Aubrey Livingston, and there discovers in a negro concert-singer the owner of the mysterious face. He sees this woman again on Hallow Eve while playing at charms with a party of young people at Vance Hall, the home of Livingston's betrothed. Early the next morning he is called to attend the victims of a railroad disaster at the hospital. He finds among them the girl whose face haunts him, in a cataleptic sleep which the doctors call death. He succeeds in restoring her to consciousness, but with a complete loss of memory. She loses her identity as a negress. Reuel falls deeply in love with her.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Through days and days, and again through days and days, over and over again, Reuel Briggs fought to restore his patient to a normal condition of health. Physically, he succeeded; but mentally his treatment was a failure. Memory remained a blank to the unhappy girl. Her life virtually began with her awakening at the hospital. A look of wonder and a faint smile were the only replies that questions as to the past elicited from her. Old and tried specialists in brain diseases and hypnotic states came from every part of the Union on bootless errands. It was decided that nothing could be done; rest, freedom from every care and time might eventually restore the poor, violated mind to its original strength. Thus it was that Dianthe became the dear adopted daughter of the medical profession. Strange to say, Molly Vance secured her desire, and wearing the name of Felice Adams, Dianthe was domiciled under the roof of palatial Vance hall, and the small annuity provided by the generous contributions of the physicians of the country was placed in the hands of Mr. Vance, Sr., to be expended for their protegee.

The astonishing nature of the startling problems he had unearthed, the agitation

and indignation aroused in him by the heartless usage to which his patient must have been exposed, haunted Briggs day and night. He believed that he had been drawn into active service for Dianthe by a series of strange coincidences, and the subtle forces of immortality; what future acts this service might require he knew not, he cared not; he registered a solemn promise to perform all tasks allotted him by Infinity, to the fullest extent of his power.

The brilliant winter days merged themselves into spring. After one look into Dianthe's eyes, so deep, clear and true, Molly Vance had surrendered unconditionally to the charm of the beautiful stranger, drawn by an irresistible bond of sympathy. "Who would believe," she observed to Livingston, "that at this stage of the world's progress one's identity could be so easily lost and one still be living. It is like a page from an exciting novel."

With the impulsiveness of youth, a wonderful friendship sprang up between the two; they rode, walked and shopped together; in short, became inseparable companions. The stranger received every attention in the family that could be given an honored guest. Livingston and Briggs watched her with some anxiety; would she be able to sustain the position of intimate friendship to which Molly had elected her? But both breathed more freely when they noted her perfect manners, the ease and good-breeding displayed in all her intercourse with those socially above the level to which they knew this girl was born. She accepted the luxury of her new surroundings as one to the manner born.

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"We need not have feared for her; by Jove, she's a thorough-bred!" exclaimed Aubrey one day to Reuel. The latter nodded as he looked up from his book.

"And why not? Probably the best blood of the country flows in the poor girl's veins. Who can tell? Why should she not be a thorough-bred?"

"True," replied Aubrey, as a slight frown passed over his face.

"I am haunted by a possibility, Aubrey," continued Reuel. "What if memory suddenly returns? Is it safe to risk the unpleasantness of a public reawakening of her sleeping faculties? I have read of such things."

Aubrey shrugged his handsome shoulders. "We must risk something for the sake of science; where no one is injured by deception there is no harm done."

"Now that question has presented itself to me repeatedly lately: Is deception justifiable for any reason? Somehow it haunts me that trouble may come from this. I wish we had told the exact truth about her identity."

"If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly" murmured Aubrey with a sarcastic smile on his face. "How you balk at nothing, Reuel," he drawled mockingly.

"Oh, call me a fool and done with it, Aubrey: I suppose I am; but one didn't make one's self."

Drives about the snow-clad suburbs of Cambridge with Briggs and Molly, at first helped to brighten the invalid; then came quiet social diversions at which Dianthe was the great attraction.

It was at an afternoon function that Reuel took courage to speak of his love. A dozen men buzzed about "Miss Adams" in the great bay window where Molly had placed Dianthe, her superb beauty set off by a simple toilet. People came and went constantly. Musical girls, generally with gold eyeglasses on æsthetic noses, played grim classical preparations, which have as cheerful an effect on a gay crowd as the

perfect, irreproachable skeleton of a by-gone beauty might have; or articulate, with cultivation and no voices to speak of, arias which would sap the life of a true child of song to render as the maestro intended.

The grand, majestic voice that had charmed the hearts from thousands of bosoms, was pinioned in the girl's throat like an imprisoned song-bird. Dianthe's voice was completely gone along with her memory. But music affected her strangely, and Reuel watched her anxiously.

Her face was a study in its delicate, quickly changing tints, its sparkle of smiles running from the sweet, pure tremor of the lovely mouth to the swift laughter of eyes and voice.

Mindful of her infirmity, Reuel led her to the conservatory to escape the music. She lifted her eyes to his with a curious and angelic light in them. 'She was conscious that he loved her with his whole most loving heart. She winced under the knowledge, for while she believed in him, depended upon him and gathered strength from his love, what she gave in return was but a slight, cold affection compared with his adoration.

He brought her refreshments in the conservatory, and then told his love and asked his fate. She did not answer at once, but looked at his plain face, at the stalwart elegance of his figure, and again gazed into the dark, true, clever eyes, and with the sigh of a tired child crept into his arms, and into his heart for all time and eternity. Thus Aubrey Livingston found them when the company had departed. So it was decided to have the wedding in June. What need for these two children of misfortune to wait?

Briggs, with his new interest in life, felt that it was good just to be alive. The winter passed rapidly, and as he threaded the streets coming and going to his hospital duties, his heart sang. No work was now too arduous; he delighted in the duty most exacting in its nature. As the spring

came in it brought with it thoughts of the future. He was almost penniless, and he saw no way of obtaining the money he needed. He had not been improvident, but his lonely life had lived a reckless disregard of the future, and the value of money. He often lived a day on bread and water, at the same time sitting without a fire in the coldest weather because his pockets were empty and he was too proud to ask a loan, or solicit credit from storekeepers. He now found himself in great difficulty. His literary work and the extra cases which his recent triumph had brought him, barely sufficed for his own present needs. Alone in his bachelor existence he would call this luxury, but it was not enough to furnish a suitable establishment for Dianthe. As the weeks rolled by and nothing presented itself, he grew anxious, and finally resolved to consult Livingston.

All things had become new to him, and in the light of his great happiness the very face of old Cambridge was changed. Fate had always been against him, and had played him the shabbiest of tricks, but now he felt that she might do her worst, he held a talisman against misfortune while his love remained to him. Thinking thus he walked along briskly, and the sharp wind brought a faint color into his sallow face. He tried to think and plan, but his ideas were whirled away before they had taken form, and he felt a giant's power to overcome with each inspiring breath of the crisp, cool March air. Aubrey should plan for him, but he would accomplish.

Livingston had apartments on Dana Hill, the most aristocratic portion of Cambridge. There he would remain till the autumn, when he would marry Molly Vance, and remove to Virginia and renew the ancient splendor of his ancestral home. He was just dressing for an evening at the theatre when Briggs entered his rooms. He greeted him with his usual genial warmth.

"What!" he said gaily, "the great scientist here, at this hour?"

Then noticing his visitor's anxious countenance he added:

"What's the matter?"

"I am in difficulties and come to you for help," replied Reuel.

"How so? What is it? I am always anxious to serve you, Briggs."

"I certainly think so or I would not be here now," said Reuel. "But you are just going out, an engagement perhaps with Miss Molly. My business will take some time—"

Aubrey interrupted him, shaking his head negatively. "I was only going out to wile away the time at the theatre. Sit down and free your mind, old man."

Thus admonished, Reuel flung himself among the cushions of the divan, and began to state his reasons for desiring assistance: when he finished, Livingston asked:

"Has nothing presented itself?"

"O yes; two or three really desirable offers which I wrote to accept, but to my surprise, in each case I received polite regrets that circumstances had arisen to prevent the acceptance of my valuable services. That is what puzzles me. What the dickens did it mean?"

Aubrey said nothing but continued a drum solo on the arm of his chair. Finally he asked abruptly: "Briggs, do you think anyone knows or suspects your origin?"

Not a muscle of Reuel's face moved as he replied, calmly: "I have been wondering if such can be the case."

"This infernal prejudice is something horrible. It closes the door of hope and opportunity in many a good man's face. I am a Southerner, but I am ashamed of my section," he added warmly.

Briggs said nothing, but a dark, dull red spread slowly to the very roots of his hair. Presently Aubrey broke the painful silence.

"Briggs, I think I can help you."

"How?"

"There's an expedition just about starting from England for Africa; its final destination is, I believe, the site of ancient Ethiopian cities; its object to unearth buried cities and treasure which the shifting sands of Sahara have buried for centuries. This expedition lacks just such a medical man as you; the salary is large, but you must sign for two years; that is my reason for not mentioning it before. It bids fair to be a wonderful venture and there will be plenty of glory for those who return, beside the good it will do to the Negro race if it proves the success in discovery that scholars predict. I don't advise you to even consider this opportunity, but you asked for my help and this is all I can offer at present."

"But Dianthe!" exclaimed Reuel faintly.

"Yes," smiled Aubrey. "Don't I know how I would feel if it were Molly and I was in your place? You are like all other men, Reuel. Passion does not calculate, and therein lies its strength. As long as common sense lasts we are not in love. Now the answer to the question of ways and means is with you; it is in your hands. You will choose love and poverty I suppose; I should. There are people fools enough to tell a man in love to keep cool. Bah! It is an impossible thing."

"Does true love destroy our reasoning faculties?" Reuel asked himself as he sat there in silence after his friend ceased speaking. He felt then that he could not accept this offer. Finally he got upon his feet, still preserving his silence, and made ready to leave his friend. When he reached the door, he turned and said: "I will see you in the morning."

For a long time after Briggs had gone, Aubrey sat smoking and gazing into the glowing coals that filled the open grate.

All that night Reuel remained seated in his chair or pacing the cheerless room, conning ways and means to extricate himself from his dilemma without having re-

course to the last extremity proposed by Aubrey. It was a brilliant opening; there was no doubt of that; a year—six months ago—he would have hailed it with delight, but if he accepted it, it would raise a barrier between his love and him which could not be overcome—the ocean and thousands of miles.

"Oh, no!" he cried, "a thousand times no! Rather give up my ambitions."

Then growing more rational he gazed mournfully around the poor room and asked himself if he could remain and see his wife amid such surroundings? That would be impossible. The question then, resolved itself into two parts: If he remained at home, they could not marry, therefore separation; if he went abroad, marriage and separation. He caught at the last thought eagerly. If then they were doomed to separate, of two evils why not choose the least? The African position would at least bind them irrevocably together. Instantly hope resumed its sway in Reuel's breast so fertile is the human mind in expedients to calm the ruffled spirit; he began to estimate the advantages he would gain by accepting the position: He could marry Dianthe, settle a large portion of his salary upon her thus rendering her independent of charity, leave her in the care of the Vance family, and return in two years a wealthy man no longer fearing poverty. He had never before builded golden castles, but now he speculated upon the possibility of unearthing gems and gold from the mines of ancient Meroe and the pyramids of Ethiopia. In the midst of his fancies he fell asleep. In the morning he felt a wonderful relief as he contemplated his decision. Peace had returned to his mind. He determined to see Aubrey at once and learn all the particulars concerning the expedition. Provisionally, Aubrey was just sitting down to breakfast and over a cup of steaming coffee Reuel told his decision, ending with these words: "Now, my dear Aubrey, it



may be the last request I may ever ask of you, for who can tell what strange adventures may await me in that dark and unknown country to which Fate has doomed me?"

Livingston tried to remonstrate with him.

"I know what I am saying. The climate is murderous, to begin with, and there are many other dangers. It is better to be prepared. I have no friend but you."

"Between us, Reuel, oaths are useless; you may count upon my loyalty to all your interests," said Aubrey with impressiveness.

"I shall ask you to watch over Dianthe. I intrust her to you as I would intrust her to my brother, had I one. This is all I ask of you when I am in that far country."

With open brow, clear eyes and grave face, Aubrey Livingston replied in solemn tones:

"Reuel, you may sail without a fear. Molly and I will have her with us always like a dear sister."

Hand clasped in hand they stood a moment as if imploring heaven's blessing on the solemn compact. Then they turned the conversation on the business of securing the position at once.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Reuel was greatly touched during the next three months by the devotion of his friend Livingston, whose unselfishness in his behalf he had before had cause to notice. Nor was this all; he seemed capable of any personal sacrifice that the welfare of Briggs demanded.

Before many days had passed he had placed the young man in direct communication with the English officials in charge of the African expedition. The salary was most generous; in fact, all the arrangements were highly satisfactory. Whatever difficulties really existed melted, as it were, before Aubrey's influ-

ence, and Reuel would have approached the time of departure over a bed of roses but for the pain of parting with Dianthe.

At length the bustle of graduation was over. The last article of the traveler's outfit was bought. The morning of the day of departure was to see the ceremony performed that would unite the young people for life. It was a great comfort to Reuel that Charlie Vance had decided to join the party as a tourist for the sake of the advantages of such a trip.

The night before their departure Aubrey Livingston entertained the young men at dinner in his rooms along with a number of college professors and other learned savans. The most complimentary things were said of Reuel in the after-dinner toasts, the best of wishes were uttered together with congratulations on the marriage of the morrow for they all admired the young enthusiast. His superiority was so evident that none disputed it; they envied him, but were not jealous. The object of their felicitations smiled seldom.

"Come, for heaven sake shake off your sadness; he the happy groom upon whom Fortune, fickle jade, has at last consented to smile," cried Adonis. So, amid laughter and jest, the night passed and the morrow came.

After his guests had departed, Aubrey Livingston went to the telegraph office and sent a message:

"To Jim Titus,

"Laurel Hill, Virginia:—

"Be on hand at the New York dock, Trans-Atlantic Steamship Co., on the first. I will be there to make things right for you. Ten thousand if you succeed the first six months.

"A. L."

It was noon the next day and the newly wedded stood with clasped hands uttering their good-byes.

"You must not be unhappy, dear. The time will run by before you know it, and

I shall be with you again. Meanwhile there is plenty to occupy you. You have Molly and Aubrey to take you about. But pray remember my advice,—don't attempt too much; you're not strong by any means."

"No, I am not strong!" she interrupted with a wild burst of tears. "Reuel, if you knew how weak I am you would not leave me."

Her husband drew the fair head to his bosom, pressing back the thick locks with a lingering lover's touch.

"I wish to God I could take you with me," he said tenderly after a silence. Dear girl, you know this grief of yours would break my heart, only that it shows how well you love me. I am proud of every tear." She looked at him with an expression he could not read; it was full of unutterable emotion—love, anguish, compassion.

"Oh," she said passionately, "nothing remains long with us but sorrow and regret. Every good thing may be gone to-morrow—lost! Do you know, I sometimes dream or have waking visions of a past time in my life? But when I try to grasp the fleeting memories they leave me groping in darkness. Can't you help me, Reuel?"

With a laugh he kissed away her anxieties, although he was dismayed to know that at most any time full memory might return. He must speak to Aubrey. Then he closed her lips with warm lingering kisses.

"Be a good girl and pray for your husband's safety, that God may let us meet again and be happy! Don't get excited. That you *must* guard against."

And Reuel Briggs, though his eyes were clouded with tears, was a happy man at heart that day. Just that once he tasted to the full all that there is of happiness in human life. Happy is he who is blessed with even *one* perfect day in a lifetime of sorrow. His last memory of her was a mute kiss and a low "God bless

you," broken by a sob. And so they parted.

In the hall below Molly Vance met him with a sisterly kiss for good-bye; outside in the carriage sat Mr. Vance, Sr., Charlie and Aubrey waiting to drive to the depot.

Reuel Briggs, Charlie Vance and their servant, Jim Titus, sailed from New York for Liverpool, England, on the first day of July.

The departure of the young men made a perceptible break in the social circle at Vance Hall. Mr. Vance buried himself in the details of business and the two girls wandered disconsolately about the house and grounds attended by Livingston, who was at the Hall constantly and pursued them with delicate attentions.

By common consent it was determined that no summer exodus could be thought of until after the travellers had reached August, all being well, they would seek the limit of civilized intercourse in Africa. While waiting, to raise the spirits of the family, it was decided to invite a house party for the remainder of July, and in the beauties of Bar Harbor. Soon gaiety and laughter filled the grand old rooms; the days went merrily by.

Two men were sitting in the billiard room lounging over iced punch. Light, perfumed and golden, poured from the rooms below upon the summer night, and the music of a waltz made its way into the darkness.

"What an odd fish Livingston has grown to be," said one, relighting a thin, delicate-looking cigar. "I watched him out of curiosity a while ago and was struck at the change in him."

"Ah!" drawled the other sipping the cooling beverage. "Quite a Priuli on the whole, eh?"

"Y-e-s! Precisely. And I have fancied that the beautiful Mrs. Briggs is his Clarisse. What do you think? She shud-

ders every time he draws near, and sinks to the ground under the steady gaze of his eye. Odd, isn't it?"

"Deucedly odd! About to marry Miss Vance, isn't he?"

"That don't count. Love is not always legitimate. If there's anything in it, it is only a flirtation probably; that's the style."

"What you say is true, Skelton. Let's drink the rest of this stuff and go down again. I know we're missed already."

When they had swallowed the punch and descended, the first person they saw was Livingston leaning against the door of the salon. His face was abstracted and in dead repose, there lurked about the corners of his full lips implacable resolution. The waltz was ended.

Some interminable argument was going on, generally, about the room. Conversation progressed in sharp, brisk sentences, which fell from the lips like the dropping shots of sharpshooters. There was a call for music. Molly mentally calculated her available talent and was about to give up the idea and propose something else, when she was amazed to see Dianthe rise hurriedly from her seat on an ottoman, go to the piano unattended and sit down. Unable to move with astonishment she watched in fascination the slender white fingers flash over the keys. There was a strange rigid appearance about the girl that was unearthly. Never once did she raise her eyes. At the first sharp treble note the buzz in the room was hushed at stillness. Livingston moved forward and rested his arm upon the piano fastening his gaze upon the singer's quivering lips.

Slowly, tremulously at first, pealed forth the notes:

"Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt's land,

Tell ol' Pharaoh, let my people go."

Scarcely was the verse begun when every person in the room started suddenly

and listened with eager interest. As the air proceeded, some grew visibly pale, and not daring to breathe a syllable, looked horrified into each other's faces. "Great heaven!" whispered Mr. Vance to his daughter, "do you not hear another voice beside Mrs. Briggs'?"

It was true, indeed. A weird contralto, veiled as it were, rising and falling upon every wave of the great soprano, and reaching the ear as from some strange distance. The singer sang on, her voice dropping sweet and low, the echo following it, and at the closing word, she fell back in a dead faint. Mr. Vance caught her in his arms.

"Mrs. Briggs has the soul of an artiste. She would make a perfect prima donna for the Grand Opera," remarked one man to Molly.

"We are as surprised as anyone," replied the young girl; "we never knew that Mrs. Briggs was musical until this evening. It is a delightful surprise."

They carried her to the quiet, cool library away from the glaring lights and the excitement, and at her request left her there alone. Her thoughts were painful. Memory had returned in full save as to her name. She knit her brow in painful thought, finally leaning back among her cushions wearily, too puzzled for further thought. Presently a step paused beside her chair. She looked up into Livingston's face.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked, gently taking in his slender wrist and counting the pulse-beats.

Instead of answering his question, she began abruptly: "Mr. Livingston, Reuel told me to trust you implicitly. Can you and will you tell me what has happened to me since last I sang the song I have sung here tonight? I try to recall the past, but all is confusion and mystery. It makes my head ache so to think."

Livingston suddenly drew closer to her.

"Yes, Felice, there *is* a story in your life! I can save you."

"Save me!" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes, and will! Listen to me." In gentle accents he recounted to her there in the stillness, with the pulsing music of the viols beating and throbbing in her ears like muffled drums, the story of Dianthe Lusk as we have told it here. At the close of the tale the white-faced girl turned to him in despair the more eloquent because of her quietness.

"Did Reuel know that I was a N-gress?"

"No; no one recognized you but myself."

She hid her face in her hands.

"Who ever suffered such torture as mine?" she cried, bitterly. "And there is no rest out of the grave!" she continued.

"Yes, there is rest and security in my love! Felice, Dianthe, I have learned to love you!"

She sprang from his touch as if stung.

He continued: "I love you better than all in the world. To possess you I am prepared to prove false to my friend—I am prepared to save you from the fate that must be yours if ever Reuel learns your origin."

"You would have me give up all for you?" she asked with a shudder.

"Ay, from your husband—from the world! We will go where none can ever find us. If you refuse, I cannot aid you."

"Pity me!"

She sank upon her knees at his feet.

"I give you a week to think it over. I can love, but cannot pity."

In vain the girl sought to throw off the numbing influence of the man's presence. In desperation she tried to defy him, but she knew that she had lost her will-power and was but a puppet in the hands of this false friend.

## CHAPTER IX.

"The Doctor is so good to you about letters; so different from poor Charlie. I

can't imagine what he finds to write about."

It was the first of August, and the last guest had left the mansion; tomorrow they started for Bar Harbor. Molly, Dianthe and Livingston sat together in the morning room.

"He tells me the incidents of the journey. This is the last letter for three months," said Dianthe, with a sigh.

"Of course, there is no love-making," said Aubrey, lazily letting fall his newspaper, and pushing his hands through his bright hair. He was a sight for gods and men. His handsome figure outlined against the sky, as he stood by the window in an attitude of listless grace, his finely-cut face, so rich in color and the charm of varying expression, turned indolently toward the two women to whom the morning mail had brought its offering.

"Have you ever read one of Reuel's letters?" Dianthe said, quietly. "You may see this if you like." A tap sounded on the door.

"Miss Molly, if you please, the dress-maker has sent the things."

"Oh, thank you, Jennie, I'll come at once!" and gathering up her letters, Molly ran off with a smile and a nod of apology.

Aubrey stood by the window reading Reuel's letter. His face was deadly white, and his breath came quick and short. He read half the page; then crushed it in his hand and crossed the room to Dianthe. She, too, was pale and there was something akin to fear in the gaze that she lifted to his face.

"How dare you?" he asked breathlessly; "but you are a woman! Not one of you has any delicacy in her heart! Not one!"

He tore the letter across and flung it from him.

"I do not suffer enough," he said in a suffocated voice. "You taunt me with this view of conjugal happiness—with his *right* to love and care for you."



"I did not do it to hurt you," she answered. "Do you have no thought for Molly's sufferings if I succumb to your threats of exposure and weakly allow myself to be frightened into committing the great wrong you contemplate toward two true-hearted people? I thought you could realize if you could *know* how Reuel loves and trusts me, and how true and noble is his nature."

"Do you think I have room to pity Reuel—Molly—while my own pain is more than I can bear? Without you my ambition is destroyed, my hope for the future—my life is ruined."

He turned from her and going to a distant part of the room, threw himself into a chair and covered his face with his hands. Against her will, better promptings and desires, the unfortunate girl is drawn by invisible influences across the room to the man's side. Presently he holds her in his eager, strong embrace, his face and tears hidden against her shoulder. She does not struggle in his clasp, only looks into the future with the hopeless agony of dumb despair.

At length he broke the silence. "There is nothing you can feel, or say to me that I do not realize—the sin, the shame, the lasting disgrace. I know it all. I told you once I loved you; I tell you now that I cannot *live* without you!"

An hour later Dianthe sat alone in the pleasant room. She did not realize the beauty of the languid mid-summer day. She thought of nothing but the wickedness of betraying her friends. Her perfect features were like marble. The dark eyes had deep, black circles round them and gazed wistfully into the far, far distance, a land where spirit only could compass the wide space. As she sat there in full possession of all her waking faculties, suddenly there rose from out the very floor, as it were, a pale and lovely woman. She neither looked at Dianthe nor did she speak; but walked to the table and opened a book lying upon it and wrote;

then coming back, stood for a moment fixed; then sank, just as she rose, and disappeared. Her dress was that of a servant. Her head was bare; her hair fell loosely around her in long black curls. Her complexion was the olive of mulattoes or foreigners. As the woman passed from her view, Dianthe rose and went to the table to examine the book. She did not feel at all frightened, recognizing instantly the hand of mysticism in this strange occurrence. There on the open page, she perceived heavy marks in ink, under-scoring the following quotation from the 12th chapter of Luke: "For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed." On the margin, at the end of this passage was written in a fine female hand, the single word, "Mira."

After luncheon Aubrey proposed that they go canoeing on the river. The idea was eagerly embraced and by five o'clock the large and luxurious canoe floated out from the boat-house upon the calm bosom of the lovely Charles rocking softly to the little waves that lapped her sides.

The day had been oppressive, but upon the river a refreshing breeze was blowing now that the sun had gone down. For the time all Dianthe's cares left her and her tortured mind was at peace. Molly was full of life and jested and sang and laughed. She had brought her mandolin with her and gave them soft strains of delicious waltzes.

On, on they glided under the impetus of the paddle-strokes in Aubrey's skilful hands, now past the verdure-clad pine hills, now through beds of fragrant water-lilies getting gradually farther and farther from the companionship of other pleasure-seekers. On, into the uninhabited portion where silent woods and long green stretches of pasture-land added a wild loneliness to the scene.

How lovely was the evening sky with

its white clouds dotting the azure and the pink tinting of the sunset casting over all its enlivening glow; how deep, and dark was the green of the water beneath the shadowing trees. From the land came the lowing of cows and the sweet scent of freshly spread hay.

Suddenly Aubrey's paddle was caught

and held in the meshes of the water-lily stems that floated all about them. He leaned far over to extricate it and in a moment the frail craft was bottom up, its living freight struggling in the river. Once, twice, thrice a thrilling call for help echoed over the darkening land; then all was still.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE ANGLO-SAXON AND THE AFRICAN.\*

PROF. KELLY MILLER OF HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

The recent deliverance of Mr. James Bryce, in his now famous Oxford lecture, serves to emphasize anew the urgency of the race problems whose solution is perhaps the chief duty of the twentieth century. Although Mr. Bryce has presented little that is new to the student of this phase of sociologic inquiry, nevertheless his width of information, his unusual power of clear statement, and his high personal authority have already focused the matter upon the world's attention. The lecture is made to hinge upon the race question in the United States, although the author has studied, at first hand, the relations of the various races of mankind in "the ends of all the earth." It is in this country, however, that we have the two races of the widest ethnic divergence thrown into the closest intimacy of contact.

In dealing with this problem we must take cognizance of the fact that there are certain clearly ascertained sociologic factors that have well-nigh the force and persistency of natural law as it operates in the physical world. True, there may be no absolute sociologic constants that have no variableness or shadow of turning; nevertheless, they are so slowly

modifiable that we may regard them as fixed factors so far as concerns their practical bearing upon our present-day problems.

Our notion of the race problem has grown, hitherto, mainly out of the anti-slavery conflict, in which the advocates, on the one hand, exalted the negro as far above his real status as those on the other hand debased him below it. In all violent controversy the truth is apt to lie midway between the extreme claims of the disputants. As the anti-slavery advocates were triumphant in the outcome of the issue, their views were lauded as containing the whole truth, while the contentions of their adversaries were treated as pure diabolism born of bitterness and iniquity. But the heat of feeling is slowly dying away. The North is becoming disillusioned as to its too fervid conclusions and is beginning to view the situation in a calmer and more rational light. We can never be on the right road to solution of this problem until the North, the South, and the negro—the three parties in interest—are willing to stand and work together on the common basis of ascertained fact.

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Let us then enumerate some of the known factors of the problem as the basis for subsequent argument and conclusions.

1. Our fundamental data are: (a) The two races represent widely divergent ethnic types; and (b) they stand upon widely different planes of development. Here we have two problems in one, either of which would tax human wisdom for solution. The line of physical cleavage between the races is quite clearly marked, although it is obliterated here and there by a composite progeny. There is, however, no hard and fast line separating the development of individuals of the two races. The superior members of the backward rank far above the lower section of the dominant race, according to any approved test of excellence. The races may be separated vertically by blood, but they cannot be divided horizontally by development. The sagacious Southern statesman, after exercising the utmost strength of ingenuity and strain of conscience, can devise no plan of separation, except on the basis of racial identity, that will include all of one race and exclude all of the other from any circle of privilege. And yet in average status the races are far enough asunder. In power of initiative, organic capacity, and executive energy of will they represent the products of wide-apart historic environments. The Anglo-Saxon is keenly conscious of his racial advantage; and the consciousness of his disadvantage, not less keen but much more poignant, will be forced upon the negro.

2. The superior race with which we have to deal has been aptly characterized as "the most arrogant and rapacious, the most exclusive and intolerant in history." The Anglo-Saxon deals with backward races on a different basis from the Latin or the Celt. He never fails to build up between himself and them a barrier almost impossible to overcome. With him, neither political, moral, nor religious codes are of avail against the arrogance of race.

The Anglo-Saxon is pledged to retain the integrity of his race, although he has never failed to mingle his blood with that of the inferior races wherever he has touched them. This is one of the inevitable evils of race contact. The sons of God will ever look lustfully upon the daughters of men. Father Chronos, according to Greek mythology, devoured his offspring in order to shut them off from their paternal prerogative. The Anglo-Saxon accomplishes the same end by relegating his illicit progeny to the nether status of the lower race.

3. The Anglo-Saxon has adopted the term "social equality" as his race shibboleth, whose potency over his emotion is unbounded. An eminent divine is reported recently to have said that, although a negro might be as learned as Socrates and as pious as St. John, yet he could not sit down at his table. A recent casual diner at the White House, which presented but the faintest semblance of social intimacy, brought down upon the head of the Chief Executive a flood of malediction as if he had violated the most sacred ordinance of the moral and religious code.

Whether this determination of the white race to deny social equality to the negro rests upon natural or volitional basis arouses wide dispute. The late Henry W. Grady, the oracle of the New South, throws an interesting sidelight upon this question: "We hold that there is an instinct, ineradicable and positive, that keeps the races apart. We add in perfect frankness, however, that if no such instinct existed, or if the South had any reasonable doubt of its existence, it would by every means in its power so strengthen the race prejudice that it would do the work and hold the stubbornness and strength of instinct." An emotional sanction, as the Mohammedan religion shows, is stronger than blood ties or race antipathy. It can arouse the deepest animosity among those of the same race, or command brotherhood and amity

among peoples separated by the widest ethnic margin. Every effort is now being deliberately put forth to strengthen the stubbornness of the race spirit by emotional aids. It is a matter of common observation that the races are growing farther and farther apart. None but the professional optimist can deny this tendency. The separation of the races in churches, schools, and railway coaches, and the anti-miscegenation laws of the several States are purely volitional devices to prevent social equality.

4. The white race is determined to rule all sections of this country without let or hindrance of the negro. The whilom experiment of the Reconstruction régime was simply the result of one section of the white race imposing a harsh and spiteful rule upon the other. This rule has been overthrown by violence, fraud, and deception, with the acquiescence of those who imposed it. The wildest dreamer does not expect its re-establishment. A shrewd observer has called the Anglo-Saxon the "Pharisee of Europe." He lacks the candid abandon of the volatile Frenchman and brutal frankness of his German cousin. Although he takes the game, he wishes to escape the blame. When he exploits a backward race he expects even the despoiled to glorify the exploitation. As he goes to and fro throughout the earth and up and down in it seeking conquests over new regions and resources, he expects the overridden races to bow down and exclaim, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" His motive cannot be judged from his motto. We must not, therefore, lay too much stress upon the semblance of fairness with which he seems to safeguard political privilege. He shrewdly discriminates against each characteristic of the backward race, whether it be poverty, ignorance, or political ineptitude. Political privilege is a sliding scale, which, with tantalizing elusiveness, is ever lifted just

beyond the reach of the bulk of the black aspirants.

The recent constitutional enactments of the Southern States—harsh, unjust, and unconstitutional as they are—express the average judgment of the Anglo-Saxon as a wise political expediency, albeit the "understanding" clause or the "grandfather" clause may shock the sensibilities of the political moralists. The elimination of the negro as a primary factor in American politics is the controlling fact; the manner of its accomplishment is only a question of shifting details.

5. The negro constitutes about one-ninth of the American people; this race is settled mainly in one section of the country, and shows little tendency to diffuse itself equably over the whole area. This creates a condition of unbalanced pressure that has powerful reaction upon the race problem. Political, civil, and social regulations in the North will react upon those in the South. With almost prophetic insight and prevision, Abraham Lincoln declared that this nation could not exist half slave and half free. The agitation will continue as long as Massachusetts and Mississippi are so far asunder in their internal political and civil regulations, and consequently so diverse in their attitude toward all public measures. This will create friction between the two factions of the white race of which the negro will be the incidental beneficiary. It was in this wise that he has secured his freedom, enfranchisement, and whatever of civil privileges he enjoys.

It is believed that the foregoing assertions have the force and effect of self-evident truth, so far as we can predicate this degree of positiveness of sociologic data. They do not express a sentiment or a preference, but have been sent forth in calmness and candor as a mathematician enumerates axioms from which to draw subsequent deductions.

What, then, should be the attitude of



the negro in the face of facts that he has not the power to alter? Mr. Bryce tells us that the negro element is a different nation dwelling among but not intermingling with the white nation. If the Jews or the Catholics have sufficient interests to constitute definite lines of policy, what shall we say of the negro who forms a group almost wholly shut in to itself? Any people stands in need of an ideal after which to strive, and a line of policy by which this ideal may be obtained. No negro has yet come forward who grasps the essential principles of a wise and far-reaching race statesmanship. No one has yet had the inspiration to posit an ideal, the social sagacity to formulate wise and safe lines of procedure, and the personality and power so to impress his scheme as to make it the policy of his race. This race is so widely scattered and is subject to such diversity of conditions and interests that any line of concerted action becomes well-nigh impossible. Leadership implies organization; organization presupposes territorial compactness and self-direction. The negro is promiscuously scattered among a people that is so much more populous and powerful than himself as to overshadow and belittle him. He does not exercise sovereign control over his own affairs. As is quite natural, the ideals of the negro have been relative, not absolute. He is not like the Jew in captivity, who always prayed with his face turned toward his native Jerusalem as the seat and centre of his chief delight, but he has borrowed the ideals and standards that his captors set for themselves.

Strangely enough, the imitator is much truer in his theoretical adherence, though perhaps not in practical conduct, to the ideal standards than the originator of them. The negro advocates the application of the Golden Rule in daily affairs; the white man calls it an iridescent dream. The negro appeals to the Declaration of Independence; the white man regards it as a worn-out political platitude. The

negro pleads the Constitution of the United States; the white man ignores both its spirit and its letter. The negro demands fair elections; the white man acquiesces in deception and fraud. The negro pleads for fair and equal enforcement of law; the white man justifies illegal and summary vengeance. The negro believes in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; the white man insists upon superficial distinction as a badge of admission to the ennobling bond of human brotherhood. In every point of theory—I say not of practise—the negro upholds the higher standard. This is not because he is better by nature than the white man but because he stands in need of the nobler ideal. Reforms come from those who suffer, not because they are sinless but because they are sufferers. The Jews taught mankind the need of a spiritual Saviour because, placed as they were at the mercy of surrounding nations, they stood constantly in need of vicarious political salvation. It is one of the anomalies of history that the negro race, which is not as yet esteemed for any contribution to the general culture of the human spirit, should serve as the moral censor of the Anglo-Saxon, who has done so much to bring the world under the sway of legal and moral order.

The negro leaders have not only thus far failed to formulate lines of policy leading to definite ideals, but for the most part have been mere rhapsodists mouthing moral maxims and political platitudes, with whose inner spirit and meaning they were both ignorant and indifferent but with whose jingle they have become familiar by glib recital.

The most colossal figure of the negro race is Frederick Douglass. He was essentially an agitator; his work was that of destruction. Having powerfully assisted in the overthrow of an organized evil, which the slow process of historic forces had ripened for treatment, he not unnaturally felt that *all wrong* could be remedied by the same method. He hurled

anathemas at the wrong-doer with the fiery denunciation of the Hebrew prophets; yet the anathematized evil abated not one whit. He appealed to the conscience of his fellow-men and erstwhile co-workers, but they had turned their attention to pastures new. His robust, manly, honest soul believed that man should do what is right; whereas all history shows that man will do what is expedient. This is a vague conviction in the world that evil will finally be swallowed up in good. Mr. Douglass, like the saints of the apostolic period, believed that the final moral consummation would or should take place in his day. Science teaches us that the heat of the sun will some day be exhausted, but the conduct of man is regulated without the faintest reference to this ultimate truth. This great negro leader failed to recognize the fact that the elimination of selfishness and sin from the human soul and the exhaustion of solar heat would probably come apace. And so Mr. Douglass died, leaving his race with gaze fixed upon barren futurity but without daily direction for daily duty.

Now comes Booker T. Washington, after Mr. Douglass the most commanding personage of his race. His industrial doctrine is as sound and sensible today as it was when delivered to the progenitor of the human race after his expulsion from the Garden: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Aside, however, from a single issue, which is too narrow and contracted as the basis for a broad and comprehensive policy, Mr. Washington's position is too wavering and hesitating for effective leadership. He lacks definiteness and pertinacity of conviction. He is necessarily governed by the material requirements of the wonderful institution he has developed. Material interests are necessarily timid. Nowhere does one find that Mr. Washington has stated his conviction as to the political and social status of his race in clear and unequivocal terms.

1. There should be some definite poli-

cy as to the perpetuation of racial integrity. It is, of course, impossible to conceive of two races occupying the same area, speaking the same language, worshipping according to the same ritual, and endowed with the same political and civil privileges without ultimately fusing; but these are ultimate questions with which the future must deal. We can no more dictate social régimes for the remote future than we can prescribe the cut of gown or style of bonnet for our great-granddaughters. At present it seems wise policy for the negro to advocate the physical integrity of his race. The attitude of the Anglo-Saxon practically compels this conclusion. It is not necessary to enter upon a discussion as to the physical, intellectual, and moral effect of cross breeding. It should be borne in mind, however, that the hybrid progeny so far produced has sprung mainly from the union of the best specimens of both races. At present union would most likely take place between the lowest elements of the two. The upper class of negroes, from the standpoint of social emotions, is as averse to such alliances as the corresponding grade of whites. The cultivated womanhood of the negro race has never forgiven Mr. Douglass for his second marriage. The practise of illicit intercourse, which has almost ceased since emancipation and the development of a higher moral sense in the negro, is beneath discussion as a deliberate policy for a self-respecting people. The negro race has already a considerable dash of white blood in its veins. This infusion has had important bearing upon the relations between the races. But it seems that the maximum has already been reached. Henceforth there will be a more equable diffusion of this blood. The race is undoubtedly approaching a medium of yellowish-brown complexion, the extreme types disappearing in both directions. The light-colored negroes, on account of the prejudice and proscription of their present status, are taking advantage of their

close proximity and are entering into identity with the white race. Being denied admission at the straight gate, they are entering in by cunning and devious paths. All such cases burn their bridges behind them, and the gap between the races is thus widened. The extreme blacks are apt to marry those of lighter hue, and the race will tone to the centre from both directions, thus forming a more solid and compact ethnic group.

2. The negro should advocate as a policy the social self-sufficiency of his race. When he shall become as learned as Socrates and as pious as St. John, perhaps he may not be so anxious to dine at the table of the good Episcopal prelate, at least until he acquires a little more knowledge or a little more grace. It is inconsistent with self-respect for a race to push itself where it is not wanted, unless it has an inherent right to admission. Social equality is not an individual matter, as many contend, but is rigorously under the control of public sentiment. But just here a most serious difficulty arises. The partition between social and civil rights is a fragile and diaphanous film. The social separation of the races conditions all other forms of privilege and opportunity. It is on account of social inequality that the negro is not desired by the white man to work at the same trade, attend the same school, ride in the same coach, worship in the same church, or be buried in the same graveyard. The negro cannot be expected to surrender his civil rights. Such surrender would be as unmanly as the clamor for social equality is unmannerly. This is indeed the crux of the whole question, the outcome of which must depend upon time and the development of a higher standard of private and public moral sense.

3. The negro is already deprived of the right of primary political choice; that is, the right to determine, in the first instance, who his rulers shall be. This has been done not more effectively by constitutional enactment than without it. Georgia accomplishes without the law

the same result that South Carolina achieves with it. This condition the negro will hardly be able to alter. He is left, however, quite a large margin of what might be called secondary political rights. That is, he may vote between rival candidates whom white factions have put forward for office. In every community there are at least two white men who are ambitious to hold every office. By wisely utilizing this limited right the negro can make himself an important factor in the political equation. Even in those States where the constitutional amendments prevail there are many thousands of negroes qualified to vote by the most rigid and cunningly devised tests. The real problem is how wisely to utilize the power left in this political residue.

4. The negro should develop as far as possible along independent lines. His greatest capacity has been shown in the direction of his ecclesiastical and religious affairs. He needs to acquire a larger measure of business and industrial self-direction. The negro should cultivate those absolute virtues which count for righteousness and progress, however the complex race problem may eventuate. Intelligence, truth, honesty, chastity, sobriety, industry, and thrift carry their own reward. The people that acquires these qualities will in time gain all the recognition it deserves and desires.

5. The negro should never lose sight of the eternal verities of truth, righteousness, and justice. Although circumstances compel concessions, he should merely suffer it to be so in order to fulfil the requirements of the present situation. An aggrieved class owes a duty to the aggressor not less than to itself. It is not just to either to submit with pliant yieldance, without protest or remonstrance. Such submission tends to degrade the moral nature of both. The righteous plea of the negro may serve to lift the whole nation to a higher level of political morality and civic righteousness. Who can tell but that he has been brought into the kingdom for such a task as this?

## HEROES AND HEROINES IN BLACK.

I. Neil Johnson, American Woodfolk, et al.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

We propose in this article to touch upon the noble trait of heroism, in the Negro race, which is defined as gallantry, valor, courage.

The heroic in human affairs is a large topic, deserving of the extended treatment given it by the best thought of all ages. In the literature of heroism we first find Plutarch, to whom we owe the *Brasidas*, the *Dion*, the *Epaminondas*, the *Scipio* of old. Wordsworth's "*Laodamia*" and Scott's works have a noble, martial strain of heroic virtue; Robert Burns sings also a song or two. Simon Ockley's *History of the Saracens* tells over the glories of individual courage, while the cool, philosophical reasonings of Carlyle, Emerson, Channing and Thoreau give forth a generous meed of praise and enthusiasm for manly valor.

The heroic spirit in man, we therefore deduce, is the foundation of universal history, history itself being but an account of the deeds of men who have been the models and patterns for the great mass of humanity in past centuries even from the beginning of the world. A man may be in obscurity today,—poor, ignorant, unknown; lo, on the morrow, he may, by one unselfish act, beautiful and sublime, become one of the great men sent into the world as an instrument to accomplish the will of the Father. Such is heroism: a military attribute of the soul; a fine contempt for safety or ease; a mind of such chivalric mold that thoughts of danger cause no disturbance; the highest degree of natural enthusiasm which the world profoundly venerates.

Being then a quality that is God implanted and an attribute of Infinity, it is a most desirable possession. If cultivated, it instills a wild courage, a "stocism of the blood" that brings to any race undying fame. As a race, we need the stimulus of books and tales of this "cathartic virtue" more than any other literature we can mention.

How strange a thing it is to see a great powerful and prosperous nation, generally fair and impartial to the helpless of other lands and willing to lend them aid and comfort, and boasting of this national trait as of a great and shining virtue, yet in all questions relating to an unfortunate race brought to their shores by force and treachery, descending to the meanest methods of petty spite because of caste prejudice induced by color and a previous condition of servitude.

The great majority of the Anglo-Saxon race professes to see nothing meritorious in the character of the Negro, and delights to lower his reputation by ridiculing his efforts for advancement, and by holding up in the spirit of intense bitterness, every story of possible guilt, with an unctuous glee most revolting to a spirit of fairness. Thus we have details of hideous crimes attributed to "brutal Negroes," spread upon the columns of the daily press in flaring headlines with a minuteness of account that is sickening, while the thousands of brave and unselfish deeds wrought by these same "brutal Negroes" for the benefit of the Anglo-Saxon, are relegated to an obscure corner, perhaps at the foot of some adver-



tising page, to languish in harmless oblivion away from the knowledge of the common people whose views otherwise might suffer a revolution in favor of that same "brutal Negro." Flung out as a weed upon the waters, the Negro has nothing left but the Almighty arm of Omnipotence.

We append some instances of Negro heroism in the twentieth century:

Louisville, Ky., July 19, 1902.

Through the heroism of Neil Johnson, a Negro, seven persons who were out on the Ohio River in a launch were saved from a horrible death yesterday morning. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Boyd, W. S. Price, Mrs. Briggs, Miss Fannie Bell and John Whyte of Louisville, and Mrs. Fugitt of Washington, D. C. (all white).

Mr. Boyd and Mr. Price were in the bow of the launch smoking, when a lighted match ignited the gasoline in the escape basin, and flames shot high in the air, threatening an explosion of the main tank. The women became frightened and frenzied with despair, sought to leap from the launch to the river, although none of them could swim. It was then that Neil Johnson, who was employed on the launch, *plunged his arm into the fire and turned the valve*, stopping the flow of oil from the tank! Then he threw himself against the flames wherever they appeared, and succeeded in putting out the fire.

*His arm was burned to a crisp*, and his body severely burned. The passengers escaped without injury.

A colored man, George Robinson, of 55 Sawyer street, Roxbury, Mass., on September 11, 1902, saved fifteen men, women and children from death by suffocation in a fire in a tenement house.

Passing the house about 11.30 P.M., Robinson's attention was attracted by a loud crackling. On investigating, he found flames pouring from a shed in the rear, which burned like tinder.

Robinson dashed down the street, rang in an alarm and returned to try to awaken the inmates by ringing the bell and pounding on the door. Unable to arouse them in this way he kicked in the door and rushed upstairs.

The house was full of smoke, and many of the sleeping inmates were already overcome. From room to room Robinson hurried, afraid that some would be dead before he reached them. Those who were unable to walk he dragged to a window where there was fresh air.

When the firemen arrived to aid in the work of rescue, Robinson was carrying men and women down stairs in his arms. But for his heroic efforts Chief Grady says that many lives would have been lost.

The colored man slipped away as soon as the danger was over to avoid the praise that was showered upon him.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 14, 1902.

America Woodfolk, a colored woman who was born a slave in Shelby Co., Kentucky, *seventy years ago*, performed an heroic act in New Albany that would have been remarkable in a young and vigorous man.

The old woman lives in the West Albany suburb, on the Budd road, a short distance west of New Albany. She had driven her buggy to the mouth of Falling Run Creek, a short distance from her home, for the purpose of washing it, and while engaged at that work Jeff Stone, an eleven-year-old colored boy, and a companion went into the river to swim.

Stone stepped into a hole over his head and was swept away by the current. America, who is still active and strong despite her age, swam after the boy, seized him from the bottom of the stream, carried him ashore and worked over him until he was resuscitated.

She says she learned to swim while a slave in Kentucky while a girl, and had not forgotten that accomplishment.

To us who are acquainted with the

qualities of the Negro, all this is ancient history, but in these days when a wilful blindness—colorphobia, affects the majority of our good citizens because of kinship with the Southern chivalry, we must constantly reiterate these old truths. There is always a class of people who delight to exclaim: "Can any good come out of Nazareth!"

During the War of the Rebellion while the country seemed drifting to destruction, the hearts of loyal men were many times made glad by the bravery of Negroes, who by their valor added treasure to the coffers of a sorely pressed administration.

In June, 1861, the schooner "S. J. Waring," from New York bound to South America, was captured by the rebel privateer, "Jeff Davis," a prize crew placed on board, consisting of a captain, mate and four seamen; the vessel set sail for Charleston, N. S. Three of the original crew were retained on board, among them the steward and cook of the schooner, a black man named William Tillman. He was put to work and told that he was the property of the Confederate States and would be sold on arrival at Charleston. No one can possibly imagine what Tillman's feelings were. The Negro thought of his home and happy though lowly past; the future promised nothing but the degradation of slavery. Then, indeed, he must have realized the full meaning of Patrick Henry's inspired words, "Give me liberty or give me death!" He resolved upon a course of action and proceeded to execute it.

Night came on; the vessel ploughed her way toward the South,

"Regions of sorrow, doleful shades,  
where peace

And rest can never dwell, hope never  
comes,

That comes to all; but torture without  
end."

The rebels retired to their berths; the mate, in charge of the vessel, took his

handy toddy and lay down upon the deck. Then was Tillman's time. Armed with a club, he proceeded to the captain's room and struck a fatal blow. Yet once again the deadly bludgeon rose and fell in the adjoining cabin and the black man was master. Silently, he ascended to the deck, and struck the mate, who, slightly wounded, drew his revolver and called for help. The crew hastened to his side. Once more Tillman's fatal club did fearful execution; the mate fell dead. The Negro seized the weapon, drove the crew below stairs, put them in irons, and proclaimed himself master of the vessel.

The schooner's course was changed; with the stars and stripes flying, a fair wind blowing, the "Waring" rapidly retraced her steps, and five days later she arrived in port under the command of William Tillman, the Negro patriot.

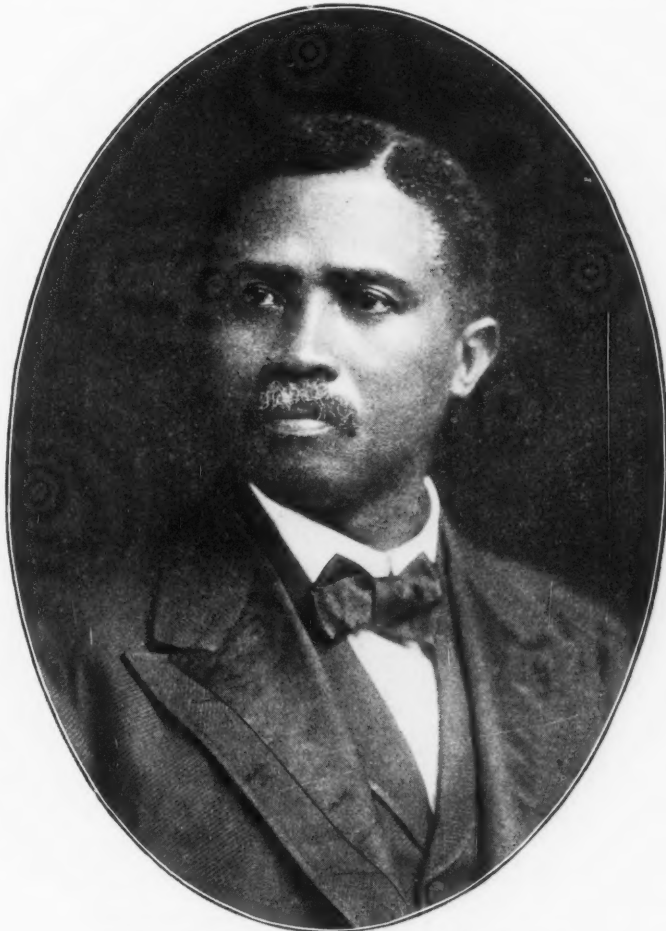
"To this colored man was the nation indebted for the first vindication of its honor on the high seas." The press spoke of the achievement as an offset to the defeat at Bull Run. Tillman was awarded the sum of six thousand dollars as prize-money for the capture of the schooner.

Hon. Robert Small, the pilot and captain of the steamer "Planter," also Congressman, must be remembered for his daring deeds. The New York Herald of May, 1862, gave a very full account of Small's heroic adventure:—

"One of the most daring acts since the war commenced was undertaken and successfully accomplished by a party of Negroes in Charleston on Monday night last. Nine colored men, comprising the pilot, engineer and crew of the rebel gunboat 'Planter,' took the vessel under their exclusive control, passed the batteries and forts in Charleston Harbor, hoisted the white flag, ran out to the blockading squadron, and thence to Port Royal, via St. Helena Sound and Broad River, reaching the flagship 'Wabash' shortly after ten o'clock last evening.

"The 'Planter' is just such a vessel as is needed to navigate the shallow waters between Hilton Head and the adjacent islands, and will prove almost invaluable to the Government. It is proposed, I hear, by the commodore, to recommend the appropriation of \$20,000 as a reward

a cotton boat, and is capable of carrying about 1,400 bales. On the organization of the Confederate army, she was transformed into a gunboat, and was the most valuable war-vessel the Confederates had at Charleston. She was commanded by Captain Relay of the Confederate Navy,



HON. JOHN C. DANCY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

*See page 237.*

to the plucky Africans who have distinguished themselves by this gallant service, \$5,000 to be given to the pilot (small), and the remainder to be divided among his companions.

"The 'Planter' is a high-pressure, side-wheel steamer, one hundred and forty feet in length, and about fifty feet beam, and draws five feet of water. She was built in Charleston, was formerly used as

all the other employees of the vessel, excepting the first and second mates, being persons of color.

"Robert Small is an intelligent Negro, born in Charleston, and employed for many years as a pilot in and about that harbor. He entered upon his duties on board the 'Planter' some six weeks since, and, as he told me, adopted the idea of running the vessel to sea from a joke

which one of his companions perpetrated. He immediately cautioned the crew against alluding to the matter in any way on board the boat; but asked them if they wanted to talk it up in sober earnestness, to meet at his house, where they would devise and determine upon a plan to

intending to start the following morning for Fort Ripley, and to be absent from the city for some days. The families of the contrabands were notified, and came stealthily on board. At about three o'clock the fires were lit under the boilers and the vessel steamed quietly away down



HON. ROBERT SMALL.

*See page 208.*

place themselves under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, instead of the Stars and Bars. Various plans were proposed; but finally the whole arrangement of the escape was left to the discretion and sagacity of Robert, his companions promising to obey him, and be ready at a moment's notice to accompany him. For three days he kept the provisions of the party secreted in the hold, awaiting an opportunity to slip away. At length, on Monday evening, the white officers of the vessel went on shore to spend the night,

the harbor. The tide was against her, and Fort Sumter was not reached till broad daylight. However, the boat passed directly under its walls, giving the usual signal—two long pulls and a jerk at the whistle cord—as she passed the sentinel.

“Once out of range of the rebel guns the white flag was raised and the ‘Planter’ steamed directly for the blockading steamer ‘Augusta.’ Captain Parrott, of the latter vessel, as you may imagine, received them cordially, heard their report,



placed Acting-Master Watson of his ship in charge of the 'Planter,' and sent the Confederate gunboat and crew forward to Commodore Dupont.

At daylight one morning at the siege of Washington, N. C., a band of seventeen contrabands came to the shore and hailed the nearest gunboat. They had traveled fifty miles the previous night under the leadership of a Negro whom they called "Big Bob."

A few days after their arrival their services were needed for an expedition into the interior. On being told what was wanted of them, not a man showed a sign of fear, although all knew that the enterprise was fraught with danger. They succeeded in penetrating the enemies' lines, arrested three important rebels, and conveyed them to the fleet. On the march to the vessels, Bob, the captain of the company, urged them along in this style: "March along dar, Massa; no straggling to de r'ar; come, close up dar, close up! *We's* boss dis time." A week later another expedition was planned of greater difficulty and danger. They had not gone far before they were attacked by a scouting-party from the rebel camp, but the enemy was put to flight, and the Negroes escaped. They then took a somewhat different route, and proceeded on their journey, accomplishing their mission finally: destroying two large salt works, a large tannery, and liberating twenty-three slaves.

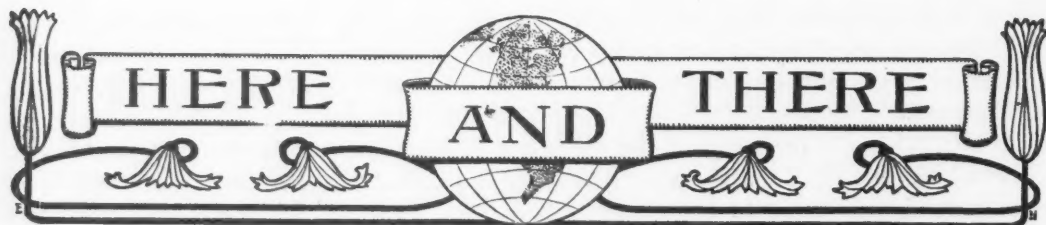
But Bob's days were numbered; the

next day a flat full of soldiers, with four blacks, including Bob, attempted to land at Rodman's Point, but were repulsed by a terrible fire of rebel bullets, all tumbling into the boat, and lying flat to escape being shot. The boat stuck fast on the sand-bar, while the balls were still whizzing over and around the flat. Seeing that something must be done at once, or all would be lost, Big Bob exclaimed: "Somebody's got to die to git us out of dis, and it may as well be me!" He then deliberately got out, and pushed the boat off and fell into it, pierced by five bullets.

These few incidents we have given are but slight to the testimony that might be given in the case of the Negro. The dawn of the Twentieth century finds the Black race fighting for existence in every quarter of the globe. From over the sea Africa stretches her hands to the American Negro and cries aloud for sympathy in her hour of trial. England, at this late day, begins to doubt the wisdom of her course in acknowledging the equality of the Negro race. In America, caste prejudice has received fresh impetus as the "Southern brother" of the Anglo-Saxon family has arisen from the ashes of secession, and, like the prodigal of old, has been gorged with fatted calf and "fixin's." The remonstrances of the faithful son are met by the answer—old things have passed away and all things have become new.

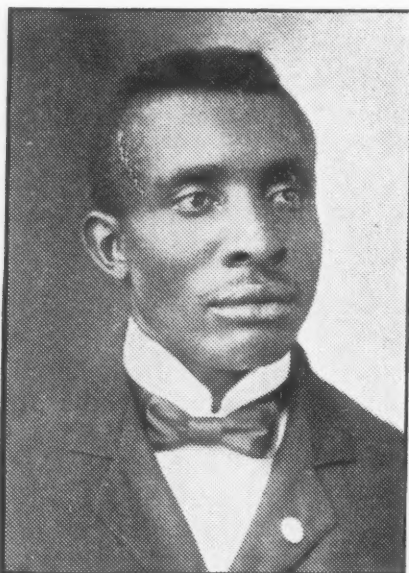
But the Negro still lives, and while life remains, Hope lifts a smiling face.





[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

John W. Evans, of Portsmouth, O., is one of the best known colored men in that city. He was born in Greenup Coun-



JOHN W. EVANS, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

ty, Ky., May 22, 1866, and was left an orphan at two years of age. Placed in the keeping of an aunt, Mrs. Belle Ward, he continued to live there until several years later, when he was brought to Portsmouth, O., and has since made that city his home. He lived with Jerry Washington, an old blind citizen, for several years, and weekly led that gentleman to the newspaper offices, where he served as motive power in printing the papers. While still a lad he secured other work and was employed at the Biggs House

until 1879, when he "followed the river" and acted as cabin boy on the steamers Bostona, Telegraph and Big Sandy Packets. Returning, he engaged as porter at the leading hotel and served various landlords until his appointment by the County Commissioners as custodian of the County Court House. So well has he filled this latter position that he will, without doubt, continue to hold the same until called to something better. Always a Republican in politics, he has been the leader of his race, and has held many positions in the party. In 1898 he organized the B. K. Bruce Club, and has ever since served as its president. For many years he was president of the organization having in charge the annual celebrations of Emancipation Day. These celebrations were held at Dugan's Grove and were attended by many thousands of both white as well as colored citizens. In August last Mr. Evans organized the Afro-American League, and was elected its president.

The League is composed of over one hundred of the most prominent colored citizens, and on the evening of September 22nd began its first reception and banquet.

Among many members present were Rev. A. B. Morton, Rev. A. Haley and Rev. J. L. Murray. In addresses made by these divines, Mr. Evans was highly eulogized and commended for his brilliant leadership. Judges and other high officials attended the banquet and praised

the man, who, unaided, had risen to such distinction. Mr. Evans is a member of Allen Chapel A. M. E. Church, and was married in June, 1898, to Miss Henrietta Justin, for years a teacher in the public schools. He is a member of Harmony Lodge, K. of P., and has filled all the sub-stations in the local branch of the order, and is also a district grand deputy

in literary and social clubs, and has served three successive years as president of the H. P. C. Literary Club of Fargo.

Miss Mamie Boyd is a young woman of distinct literary attainments and excellent executive ability. She is a product of one of the best public schools in New York city and is thoroughly interested in the



MRS. FANNIE L. GORDON, FARGO, N. D.

and a member of Trinity Lodge, F. and A. M. No colored man in the city is more popular than he and he is deserving of all the kind words and praise that can be bestowed upon him.

Mrs. Fannie L. Gordon, of Fargo, N. D., whose original home was Lexington, Ky., moved to Fargo seventeen years ago. Mrs. Gordon is a thorough race woman and is recognized as the social life of Fargo. She also takes an active part

in the advancement of the young women of the race along all lines which tend to better their condition. Miss Boyd is employed in the shoe department of R. H. Macy's dry goods store. She devotes much time to church and literary work, and is a sweet singer, constantly in demand in literary and social circles.

Nicholas H. Campbell, U. S. N., is the author of an attractive series of articles

which began in our November issue, and will run in several of the issues during the year. This entire series has been written after personal visits to the several cities mentioned, and the many illustra-

of the Italian operas, Mr. Drury should have, as heretofore, the entire support of the musical public. The opera is especially adapted to the use of Mr. Drury's company as regards the story, for it deals



NICHOLAS H. CAMPBELL, U. S. N.

*See page 213.*

tions are from special photographs secured by Mr. Campbell. We shall publish in our February issue a most interesting article by Mr. Campbell on "Palermo—or the City Paved with Lava."

Mr. Theodore Drury announces that he will present to the public this season "Aida," a grand opera in four acts by G. Verdi. This being one of the greatest

with Ethiopians and Egyptians. The story of Aida is supposed to belong to the time of the Pharaohs and its action is located at Memphis and Thebes. The first act begins in the King's palace in the former city. The second act opens in the apartments of Ameris at Thebes. The third act takes place on the banks of the river Nile before the temple of Isis. The



fourth act opens in a chamber adjoining the court in Memphis.

Mr. Drury has been especially fortunate in engaging Mrs. Estelle Clough, of Worcester, one of the greatest colored

School, Woodbrook. Mr. Mitchell entered the Civil Service in the year 1880, and held the following appointments: Assistant Clerk, Education Department, Trinidad; Second Clerk to the Assistant



MISS MAMIE E. BOYD, NEW YORK, N. Y.

*See page 213.*

prima donnas in the world, who possesses a most beautiful soprano voice that is especially adapted to sing the part of Aida. Also Mr. George L. Ruffin, Boston's celebrated baritone, and other accomplished artists.

George Philogone Stephen Mitchell was born in Trinidad on December 19th. 1859, and educated at the Boys' Norma

Director of Public Works; Clerk, Northern Division Public Works Department, and Chief Clerk of the St. Ann's and Diego Martin Ward Unions.

He was the recipient of a Commemorative Medal, in 1886, from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, for a musical composition entitled "The Ada Waltz."

For many years Mr. Mitchell was the organist and choirmaster of St. Patrick's Church, New Town, and a prominent member of the Trinidad Philharmonic

a special Commanding Officer's parade, he was presented with a *baton* by the Acting-Commandant of the Local Forces (Major R. B. Todd), who at the same



MRS. FRANCES A. JOSEPH, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

*See page 218.*

Society, and treasurer of the Amateurs' Orchestra.

In June, 1896, he organized a military band in connection with the Trinidad Field Artillery Volunteer Corps, of which he became bandmaster; in consequence of failing health he resigned that position in 1899. In April, 1897, on the occasion of

time made the announcement of his appointment to the rank of Warrant Officer in recognition of his valuable services, and for the success which he had achieved with the band, which was an acquisition to the local forces of the Colony.

In a despatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated June 11th,



THEODORE DRURY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

*See page 214.*

1901, His Majesty King Edward VII.'s thanks were conveyed to Mr. Mitchell for his musical work entitled "Pater Noster" (The Lord's Prayer). The motet is dedicated to the "Sacred Heart of Jesus, and in blessed memory of Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria."

Mr. Mitchell has achieved great success in part writing (orchestration arrangements), and as a musical director, he has been equally successful.

On the occasion of the solemn consecration of the magnificent new marble High Altar of the restored Church of St. Patrick's, New Town (23rd November, 1902), an excellent setting entitled "The Angels' Salutation," soprano solo and 'cello obligato, with orchestral accompaniment, was composed for the occasion by Mr. Mitchell, expressly for (and ex-

quisitely rendered by) Miss Tinguinsan, one of Trinidad's most able artists.

This Inotet is considered by all as Mr. Mitchell's best production, so far as church music is concerned.

Mr. Mitchell is a member of the orchestral section of the Victoria Institute, and also a member of the Committee of Management of the same section.

We are always on the lookout for short stories or articles of general interest. Especially do we desire good, snappy short stories. Stories with a point. Stories that will stir the heart, as well as encourage all members of the race in their striving for a higher and better life. We pay good prices for good stories. If you have one on hand send it in for examination. It will cost you nothing. Address, Editorial Department.

### MRS. FRANCES A. JOSEPH,

PRESIDENT OF THE FRANCES WILLARD W. C. T. U. AND SUPERINTENDENT OF PRISON MISSION, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

R. ANTOINE ROGERS.

That a colored woman should be so active in prison reform work, as is Mrs. Frances Joseph, creates no small amount of wonder, when the fact becomes known. While it is quite natural for the women of the opposite race, who have time and means, to conduct charity work, women of color are supposed to have neither time nor inclination for other work than that of earning their daily bread. I do not wish to convey the idea that there are no charitable women among us; but charity of the Frances Joseph type is not much in evidence in either race. Those who know of Mrs. Joseph and her work can but agree with this extract from the Southwestern Christian Advocate, published in New Orleans, some time ago:

"Mrs. Frances Joseph, of this city, is

really a remarkable woman. We dare say that there is no woman of any race who has devoted herself more fully to administering both to the spiritual and temporal needs of the lowly, than has she."

It is remarkable how Mrs. Joseph has succeeded in her chosen work. Of itself it is a thankless task. She is often criticised by her own people instead of being encouraged, and it is oftentimes wonderful how she has held out. There was no society for prison reform before Mrs. Joseph took up the work, and it is through her, rather than the society, that the inmates of many prisons receive direct benefits.

The cause of Mrs. Joseph choosing prison reform as her life work, was



through an incident which happened while she was on her way to visit a sick member of her church. She was passing the depot of a railroad, over which prisoners were taken from New Orleans to the state prison in Baton Rouge, when her attention was attracted to an aged colored woman who was sorrowfully weeping.

She paused to inquire of the woman the cause of her grief, and was told that her son was going with a gang to the state prison. As she spoke, she pointed towards a number of men and women who were being forced aboard an awaiting train. Mrs. Joseph consoled her as best she could, and accompanied her home. On the way she learned from the woman that her son had been convicted of larceny, and sentenced to five years at hard labor.

That same evening she read a full account in the paper of how many men and women had lately been sent to prison, with accounts of their crimes, and the length of time they had to serve. She thought of the fact that the same number were going each month, and felt that something should be done to reduce it.

The idea at first alarmed her. But after earnest prayer to God, she calmed her fears, and resolved to enter the field. She obtained permission from the mayor to visit the prisons and set about her work immediately. She gained the good will of the jailers, and they allowed her to hold prayer meetings in the hallway, once a week. At the beginning of her work she met men charged with murder, one of whom had been sentenced to be hung. She read passages of the Bible, prayed and sung to him once a week, regularly, and finally, when his death warrant was read, he was ready to meet his fate. Through her he had been converted. A large number of incidents might be recited wherein Mrs. Joseph has administered to the spiritual needs of prisoners.

Many for and with whom she prayed, talked and reasoned, have become good,

industrious church people. On the whole, the majority of them are leading better lives. While reforming prisoners, Mrs. Joseph did not for a moment neglect court and prison officials, who needed reforming. That there now exists a better condition of affairs in the prison and police jail, than formerly, proves that her efforts in that direction have not been in vain. Not long ago, it was no unusual thing for persons with no political influence, money or friends to aid them, to be sent to jail for as long a time as a year or more without being brought to trial. In some cases the offence for which they were arrested could not under any circumstances of the law have caused confinement for more than from one to three months, had they been tried. Mrs. Joseph investigated these cases and gradually brought about a change. Some other things Mrs. Joseph has done and still is doing for prisoners are briefly noted in the following:

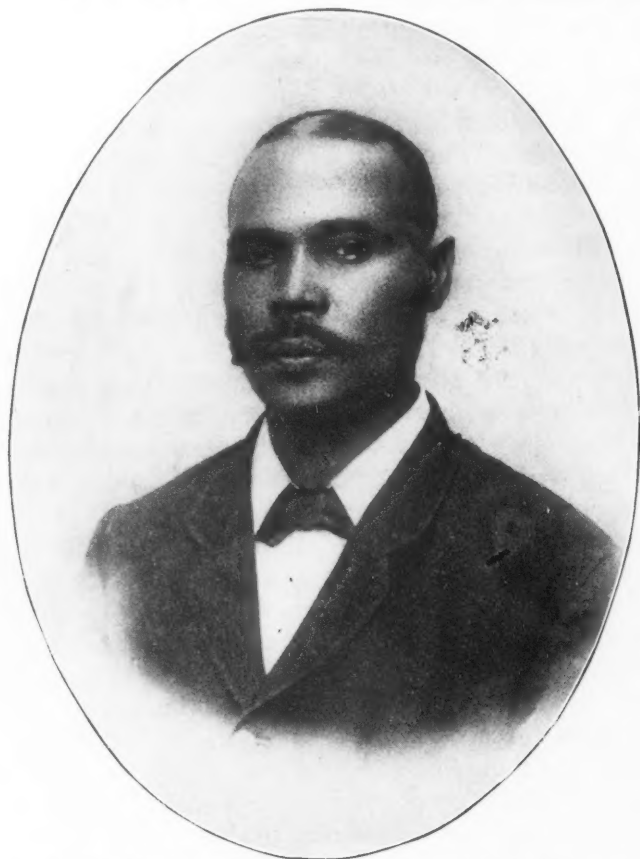
She has caused sheds to be erected in prison yards for the protection of prisoners from the sun and rain; and has also arranged for three meals a day to be given, instead of two, as before. She provides wearing apparel for black and white prisoners, of either sex, who have no means to provide the same, and also distributes among them newspapers and other reading matter which she obtains from charitably disposed persons. Because of Mrs. Joseph's regular visits, the prisoners are treated better by those in authority over them. In spite of criticisms and adverse circumstances she has achieved much.

As a temperance worker Mrs. Joseph is also very prominent. In June, 1900, she was sent to Edinburg, Scotland, as the American representative of the Frances Willard W. C. T. U., to the World's W. C. T. U. conference. She visited the queen, who smiled upon her. She requested permission to visit the un-

derground prisons, which her Majesty graciously granted, and sent her guards to conduct her through. In England, she lectured on prison reform and Christian Temperance Union work. She was entertained by Lord and Lady Overton, and others of the nobility. She visited the

"You have no colored teachers to teach the department, and I will not mix the white teachers with the colored ones."

Her white lady friends, learning of this, organized a board with Mrs. H. D. Forsyth as president, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lessum as their advisor. They sent for



GEORGE PHILOGONE STEPHEN MITCHELL, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.

*See page 215.*

Paris Exposition, and returned to America to take up her work in and around the prisons of New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Joseph also assisted in establishing the first kindergarten in New Orleans for colored children. Having seen the good effects of that valuable training in other cities, she called on the superintendent of public schools, and requested him to place the training in the colored schools on the same basis as he had placed it in the white schools. His reply was:

Mrs. Joseph to meet them at the residence of Mrs. Forsyth, and then asked her if she would like this training given to her people. If so, would she find a hall, some young girls to take the teacher's training, and the children to train. Also, would she try and contribute a little money each month? To all of which Mrs. Joseph agreed.

Rev. G. W. Whittaker, of the Central Congregational Church, with the consent of the members, offered to let her use the

basement of the church free of charge, provided she put in certain repairs.

With the assistance of several young ladies, the necessary funds were raised, repairs put in, and the kindergarten opened with Miss Wilson of Kentucky, as principal. The young ladies were secured, and Mrs. Joseph brought some of the children of the slums in her arms to begin the first weeks with. Her daughter, Miss Eva Joseph, played the piano until the services of Miss Beatrice Colecott were secured.

Mrs. Joseph visited many of the churches of the city, trying to get her people interested in the new work, and getting contributions to help the board in their expense of eighty dollars per month to run the school.

This was kept up for two years. The young ladies finished the course creditably, and received their certificates. In June, Mrs. Joseph waited on the president of the school board, and told him that the

teachers were ready to teach the kindergarten in the public schools.

This time he said there was not enough money to place the training within the reach of colored children.

The board of white ladies disbanded, when certificates were given to the colored teachers, and the principal, Miss Wilson, went to her home in Kentucky.

Mrs. Joseph advised a Miss Moore to organize a board of colored ladies to carry on the work. At this time she sailed for Europe to attend the convention of temperance workers.

During her absence, a board was formed with the following ladies:

Mrs. Guiranovich, Mullen, Blanton, Williams, and Mrs. Demond as president, and Miss Moore as principal. Mrs. Joseph succeeded in getting most of the ladies of the former board to continue their contributions. At present a flourishing kindergarten has blessed the efforts of these ladies.

## FATHER TIME.

EFFIE D. THREET.

All blessings on thee, Father Time,  
Thou art the theme of prose and rhyme.  
Oh, let me now thy praises sing,  
For Time, thou art a mighty king!

Thy golden scepter sways o'er all,  
Before thee kingdoms rise and fall;  
Still never weary on thy way  
Thou ploddeth on from day to day.

By thy command comes lovely Spring,  
The flowers bloom and sweet birds sing.  
And while all nature seems in tune,  
We see the rosy face of June.

Oh! how delightful is the scene,  
When earth is all arrayed in green;  
Bedecked with Summer roses rare,  
Sweet pinks and waving lilies fair!

Say, Father Time, now pause a while,  
And let us bask in Summer's smile;  
And linger 'neath her cooling shade,  
'Oh why should Summer roses fade?'

But no! Once more thy scepter sways,  
And now come on September days;  
Earth's verdant robe is changed to gold—  
The flowers fade—the year grows old.

Thou moveth on with steady tread,  
November's snowflakes brush thy head;  
Around thee blows the chilling blast,  
And now the old year breathes its last.

Yes, Father Time, thou art a king,  
And well of thee let poets sing,  
For thou dost hold a rightful sway,  
And thy commands we must obey.

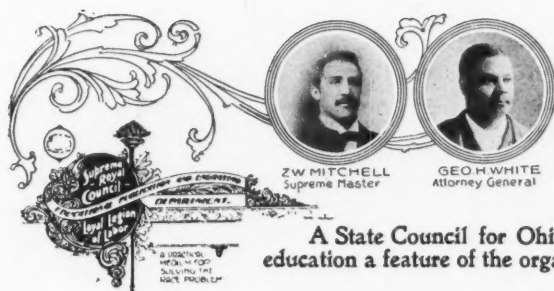
The rosy cheek, the sparkling eye,  
Before thee slowly fade and die—  
The strong man droops, his strength decays,  
And o'er him pass thy fleeting days.

By thy command loved ones must part,  
The eye grows dim and sad the heart.  
Then to the soul bowed down with grief,  
Thy soothing balm brings sure relief.

Still ever on thy ages run,  
What others dare not, thou hast done.  
Well might thy praises tune this rhyme,  
Oh Prince of Rulers, Father Time!

March on! Thou king, March on thy way!  
Still o'er us let thy scepter sway,  
And bring us to that golden shore  
Where friends and loved ones part no more.





## A STATE CONVENTION OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF LABOR.

A State Council for Ohio will be organized in the near future. Special education a feature of the organization's work.

A general revision of the By-Laws and Constitution of the Loyal Legion of Labor as an organization is now under progress and all non-essential phases of the work will be carefully eliminated while practical business phases of which experience has taught to be of vital importance will be reduced to a more practical business basis than even heretofore adopted. Inasmuch as the Loyal Legion of Labor is a social compact in which every member takes upon himself certain responsibilities and agrees on entering the union to give his influences and endeavors for the material advancement of his race along the lines laid down by the organization in exchange for benefits and emoluments accruing from said union, it can be seen that any violation of this agreement by either a member or an organized council of members is sufficient cause for a forfeiture of all claims on the Supreme Council. That is to say, that whenever a member withholds his influence and active support from the organization or allows himself to criticise officers or make damaging remarks about the organization, or fails without proper excuse to attend the General Sessions of his council, then he has no claims upon the organization for a continuation of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE and other literature, nor can he expect the influence of the organization in securing employment for him.

This applies with equal force to any District Council of the organization failing to hold regular meetings and reporting monthly to the central office. Any council from now on failing to hold at least one general meeting a month, together with its educational session, and reporting the same to the central office, will have its literature withheld for said month, and three months without a report from any council will cause its members to be stricken from the roll entirely. Any officer of a council failing repeatedly to attend meetings of his board will be removed from office and his successor will be elected by the remaining members of his advisory council.

Twenty counties having now been organized in the state of Ohio, we feel that the time is approaching for the organization of these councils into a State Council. To this end it has been decided that a state convention shall be called at the earliest practical moment, without waiting to complete the organizing of the thirty-two counties as heretofore proposed, for the purpose of organizing a state council on the same plan of a District Council. A State Advisory Council of nine officers will be elected and divided into three Boards of Directors, who will direct and supervise the work of dealing with race matters in this state. Through the State Education and Publishing Board the educational work with prepared and printed

programmes will be systematically conducted through the local Education and Publishing Boards, which will have nothing to do but direct the work and select the material for carrying out each programme.

Through the State Legal and Protective Board the work of protecting our people in the exercise of their civil and political rights will be taken up as a business and with a local Legal and Protective Board in each county to give support and co-operation there can be no question about the safety of the rights and privileges of our race. This is not only true of the State of Ohio, but of any state in the Union. With the Loyal Legion of Labor thoroughly organized in any state there can be no such thing as our people not being protected in the exercise of their rights of citizenship. Race difficulties and race wars will soon be a thing of the past.

Through the State Emigration and Industrial Board the industrial work of the organization will be taken up with the same care and energy characterizing the efforts of the other boards.

At the state convention a full report of every transaction on the part of the Supreme Master during the past year will be submitted. Regretting that we have not been able to get to all the counties of the state and feeling that each county should be accorded representation in our convention we have decided upon a plan of recognizing true and loyal race men upon petition from their respective counties for same.

The Loyal Legion of Labor is an Educational, Protective and Industrial enterprise operated for the purpose of dealing with matters touching the vital interests of the colored race through organized effort. It is not officered by influential politicians and office seekers of national prominence, but by conservative business men whose experience and former vocations in life especially fit them to perform

the arduous duties assumed by the organization.

No person holding a political office is eligible to even membership in the national Advisory Council, therefore there is no sounding of trumpets or roaring of giant leaders for political effect "only" in connection with the organization, it is no more or less than a General Co-operation Business Enterprise with each member as one of the firm engaged in the task of working out a solution for the race problem along Educational, Protective and Industrial lines.

The educational work of this organization is of the most vital importance to both races and becomes absolutely necessary to avert a fearful racial crisis which is becoming more alarming as each day goes by.

But stop, you say, we are doing through our colleges, schools and churches all that can be done.

*But let us appeal to your reason*—is it not true that in the face of all that you and other good, generous and noble-hearted friends have done—in the millions given to churches, schools and colleges for the negro—that conditions, from a racial point of view, are becoming more and more alarming? Lynchings, mobbings and burnings at the stake are becoming of daily occurrence. Sentiment against the negro is becoming more intolerable and intense. Wholesale disfranchisement and a general withdrawal of rights and privileges heretofore accorded the negro are becoming common.

For all of these things there is a cause. In order to obtain a thorough knowledge of the actual condition of our race and ascertain the causes responsible for all racial ills, we have spent more than five years devoted to an earnest effort, giving our entire time to the study and investigation of the subject. We have found ignorance *on matters of life*, on the part of those not reached by school or church influence (and who cannot be reached by

the present educational efforts now being supported), to be largely the cause of all our racial troubles.

For example, we have found tens of thousands of colored people whose depravity and horrifying degeneracy—which was not possible under the restraints of slavery—are causing the world to look with disgust and contempt upon all their species. These degenerates do commit horrible and shocking crimes, which are rapidly causing the hand of sympathy to be withdrawn from those of us who feel keenly the sting of public sentiment, and who are spending sleepless nights in an earnest struggle to better conditions. In our struggle to suppress lynch law and mob violence it can easily be seen that we must first deal with the *cause* that gives rise to them. This can only be done by *special education* accompanied with coercive and restraining influences, such as can only come through an intelligent co-operation on the part of those who represent all that the words, progress and civilization, imply on the part of the white race, combined with the best and most powerful influence of our own race. Again we find thousands of those among our people (not all in the South) who look upon their right of franchise as being worth only what it will bring in dollars and cents, or whiskey on election occasions. Partially in consequence of their erroneous idea of life a wholesale disfranchisement follows. As will be seen it is only folly to attempt to deal with the effect by way of preventing the spread of such injustice or repealing such measures, without at the same time removing the cause. This can only be done through *special education*.

Again we find thousands who actually believe that freedom means for them to do as they please without responsibilities or care. For some reason they feel that it is somebody's business to look out for them and carry their responsibilities. This leads them to sit down, without making

hardly the slightest struggle for themselves, and depend upon those around them to care for them—support their churches, in many cases bury their dead, look after their indigents and poor, while they themselves seek pleasure and have a good time. With all our struggling to advance the best interest of our race we find that this phase can only be dealt with effectually through *special education*.

Again we find thousands of our youth coming from schools and colleges in all parts of the country, who, on finding the higher avenues of life closed to them by a relentless public sentiment, become discouraged and reckless, and feeling that their education disqualifies them for service in the menial lines of labor, they are rapidly joining the ranks of the unfaithful, shiftless and indolent. *Special education* by which this element of our race can be taught to make the best of life, under whatever conditions placed, and by loyalty, efficiency and perseverance in whatever avenues of employment that may open to them, work their way to higher planes, is the only solution. This is a burning need not only for the negro's welfare and future, but for the protection of the homes of those employing them, against incompetent, indifferent and reckless servants. Thousands of other examples might be mentioned, but we trust that sufficient have been given to show us that the *solution for this vexed problem* does not lie in the class of education that is to be given the aspiring ones of the race, as much as it does in *special education* accompanied with coercive and restraining influences which are to be thrown around the reckless and disloyal, and thereby hold in check that element who are bringing upon us a severe racial crisis by reason of their erroneous ideas of life. *We have found the solution*, and are earnestly struggling to apply it through a course of procedure founded upon a thorough knowledge of the subject in hand, in a way that will benefit

all concerned more than all that has been done since emancipation, or can possibly be done for the negro through other mediums under present conditions.

#### PLAN OF EDUCATIONAL WORK.

In order to be able to reach all classes of our race and surround them with edu-

cational influences necessary to correct the evils complained of and advance their best interests generally, we first organize Councils in each District. Through a central educational board, an educational course is conducted somewhat on the plan of the Chautauqua Reading Circle. Educational sessions also are held monthly in each District.

## WHEN THE WORM TURNED.

### A STORY FROM REAL LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

A. GUDE DEEKUN.

There was something on the lamp-post.

All around, some at a distance and some very close, were little knots and clusters of men. Many were grimly silent, while some were awestruck and talked in whispers. Everywhere there was the evidence of reaction after intense excitement.

There was no lamp on the post as Nolorton had for some years been the proud possessor of an electric plant, but from the crosspiece at the top to which the lamplighter used to cling as he lit the gas, something was hanging, something large and bulgy which in the glare of the nearby light threw a queer distorted shadow. At the foot of the post there was a dark stain upon the ground which was still slowly growing, as the late comers drew near and gazed curiously at the thing suspended from the post.

The stain at the foot of the post was a pool of blood and the object hanging from the cross-piece was what had once been a man, a neatly attired young fellow, probably twenty-five years old, whose color showed plainly the presence of Negro blood in his veins. The features had been regular with more of Caucasian

than African cast, before blows from missiles and bullets from guns and pistols had destroyed their semblance to anything human.

Nolorton, a medium-sized sleepy little town on the L—— river, whose citizens had never recovered in feelings or fortunes from the effects of the Civil War, had a population of about eighteen thousand, of which number probably four thousand were colored people. The latter class of residents lived almost exclusively in the southern end of the city in what was locally known as Lincolnville.

While this section did not compare with the rest of the city many of the houses were neat and attractive and showed evidence of thrift on the part of the inhabitants, the majority of whom were owners of their dwellings.

One of the neatest of the houses in Lincolnville had an entrance-way for wagons at the side, and over the gate secured to the corner of the house was the sign "James Laws," and at the end of the sign was fastened a smaller board put up later with the words "& Son"; while beneath it read: "Express for Hire."



The elder Laws was an invalid and lived in the house with his son, Timothy, and together they conducted the paying business of teaming and hauling which the father had built up by years of hard work.

Late in the night on which the lamp-post held its ghastly burden, after a fitful sleep the elder Laws found himself lying awake in bed wondering what had aroused him. As he listened, a quick impatient rapping at the door answered his thought, and filled with an apprehension for which he could not account on the instant, he got out of bed as hastily as his feeble condition would permit and going to the partly opened window looked out to see who his caller might be at such an unusual hour.

Below at the door he saw the figure of a young girl, her head covered with a shawl, the corner of which was held over her mouth to stifle the sound of her sobs which reached the old man's ears. Filled with astonishment and dread he gazed down upon her till the rapping was repeated, this time much louder.

"Who is it? What is the matter?" he called down.

"O Uncle Jim, it's me, it's Maggie. Let me in," the weeping girl answered as she tried the knob in her anxiety.

A few minutes later when the door was opened by the nervous fingers of the aroused man he found the girl in a heap on the door-sill utterly overcome and convulsed with her grief. He placed a hand on her shoulder gently.

"Maggie, Maggie, what is the matter? What are you doing here at this hour?" And then with a sudden recollection, "Is anything wrong with Tim?"

"Uncle Jim, they've killed him! They broke into the station-house and lynched him, and Tim's dead! Tim's dead!" And she cried aloud in the bitterness of her woe.

But the man made no sound and presently she became aware of his silence and

hushing her sobs asked with fear in her tones: "What's the matter, Uncle Jim? Say something."

He did not reply and staring at the motionless form above her she shook him by the trouser leg and almost shrieked.

"Say something, Uncle Jim. What is the matter?" and again she shook him excitedly.

The rapid approach of a man up the street was unnoticed, even when he stopped in front of the door. Peering through the darkness for an instant at the two figures he came close and pushed the door wide open as he spoke to the girl. With a scream she sprang inside and the door to close it.

"Stop your noise, Maggie, it's Phil," he said hoarsely. "The streets are full of men yet and this is no time to make any fuss. Has he just heard?"

Without waiting for an answer the new-comer took hold of the stricken man and drawing him from the door closed and fastened it and striking a match eased the old man into a chair, telling the girl to support him while he lighted a lamp.

The blaze of light which followed showed the three people in the room to be decidedly interesting in appearance. The older man, the occupant of the house, was of a swarthy complexion considerably darker than the younger, and the features of both gave strong evidence that some of their not very remote ancestors were Indians. The girl was about nineteen and good looking and could readily have passed as a gipsy. All three were related, the young man, Phil Whiting, being a nephew of the other, and the girl a distant connection of both.

The old man was soon revived and with tears streaming down his face turned to the others.

"So they have killed my boy, my poor little Timothy. Killed him because his horse ran away and knocked a woman down. O, my God! O, my God!" and

bowing his head in his hands he moaned in the bitterness of his anguish.

The girl went over and threw herself upon the sofa and burying her face in the cushions again wept convulsively, while Phil with every muscle of his face tense and drawn leaned on a table near his uncle shading his face from the light with his hand, and after a little all was quiet.

The silence was deep and awful and presently the girl sat up suddenly with a glitter in her eyes.

"Phil, is that woman dead?"

"No. And I don't think she was much hurt, even."

"Well, she ought to be—" but he interrupted her and addressed the old man.

"Uncle Jim, I didn't know anything about this till an hour ago, or God Almighty knows there would be more dead than poor Tim now.

"A man came and waked me up to tell me and I took my pistol and went as fast as I could, but it was too late—it was all over. I saw the body hanging to the post and then I came here. The man who told me said you saw Tim at the station-house last night after he was arrested. Did he seem to be afraid they were going to—to bother him?"

The old man shook his head sorrowfully.

"No, O no. Tim said it was simply an accident and he would be out in the morning. I had plenty of money with me, but the police would not take bail and said it would depend on the woman's condition."

His voice was weak with emotion and his lips trembled pitifully as he talked. "O this town. I know the police let them kill my boy, my poor little Tim, my poor little Tim."

Maggie rose and went over to his chair and putting her arm gently on his shoulder said: "Uncle Jim, you had better go and lie down. I know you don't want to sleep, but lie down anyway and Phil and I will see about everything."

"Yes, Uncle Jim," said Phil, going to

him. "Let me help you upstairs and you try to get all the rest you can, for you will need all your strength tomorrow." And he helped him to his room and returned to the little parlor.

"Phil," said the girl as he entered, "do you know who was the cause of all this trouble?" And as he looked inquiringly at her she replied: "It was George Nislock! That same policeman's son!"

"George Nislock?" he cried, starting as though she had struck him. "George Nislock? How do you know?"

"I know it this way. Yesterday afternoon when that strange man, that teacher from out West, went away. Phil took him to the boat in his new buggy. You know Policeman Nislock always did try to make it hard for Uncle Jim and Tim, and said all the time the Lawses were a set of 'stuck up niggers,' just because they had property and did a good business, and since Tim bought that new buggy some of the white fellows have made life miserable for him.

"Well, Peter Simpson came to my house awhile ago to tell me about their killing Tim, and he saw how it all started. Tim was driving home from the wharf and as he was walking his horse along the street that George Nislock and some of his friends were smoking near the Whalen House and George Nislock took one of these air rifles from a little boy and deliberately shot Tim's horse with it and made it run away. And then when Tim was arrested for running over that woman a lot of men went all around town saying she was dying and that Tim had whipped up his horse to run her down and a lot more like that. They got all the toughs and a lot of boys together and after drinking and telling how the 'niggers' had been carrying on, why they went to the station-house and lynched him.

"Peter said it was all gotten up so quickly that the colored people didn't know anything about it until it was over, and he came to tell me."

Phil rose from his seat and with his

foot shoved the chair back, unconscious of his action.

"D—— them all, the pack of hounds! If God let's me live a little longer I'll pay them for everything they've done yet. And as for George Nislock—I'll kill him before he is two weeks older, and his father, too." He stopped, and going over to the table picked up his hat.

"I'm going now. Arrangements must be made to have the body taken care of as soon as possible, and I guess it is quieter out now and I'll go, for I don't want trouble again until I am ready. I suppose you will stay here with Uncle Jim? I will be around in the morning again of course."

"Yes, I'll stay here, Phil," answered Maggie. She was leaning on the head of the sofa gazing dry-eyed at him, all her weeping over.

"Yes I will stay, in Tim's room, I guess. You know we were going to be married next month and Tim had commenced to fix the house up already. So I will look after Uncle Jim; it's all that can be done now."

She spoke calmly and dispassionately and seemed like a different person from the screaming, hysterical woman of a short time before.

Phil went out quietly and the girl took the lamp and went up stairs.

The evening of the second day following, after the funeral was over, the two were sitting in the same room of the Laws house talking together, the old man having retired early, still grieving bitterly and silently over the terrible death of his son.

Still strongly affected by the recent tragedy both had been silent for awhile and the meditations of each were far from serene. The girl was the first to speak.

"Do you believe, Phil, that the Lord intends for all of us to be killed off, and just for no reason?"

So deep was Phil in his own reflections

that he looked at her without comprehending what was said to him, and not till the question was repeated did he rouse himself.

"How is that? What do you mean?"

"I mean just this, that every now and then, nearly all the time in fact, the whites do something to the colored people to make trouble, and when it is resented or even if it isn't, the colored people get the worst of it and get shot down and killed and beaten to pieces. And the law does not help us one bit. When a question of any kind whatever comes up between white and colored the white people always get the decision, and then look how colored folks are all the time being arrested and fined and sent to jail for lots of trifling things that the police never notice when white people do them, or if they do, just speak to them about it. Of course there are lots of shiftless and good-for-nothing colored people like everybody else, but not any worse, and hardly as bad."

"They brought us to this country and made us slaves and made millions and millions of dollars off us, and now it seems like we haven't any right to have anything or do anything any more than a dog.

"Don't you think it looks like the Lord wants to get rid of us, and that everything dark is bad?"

Maggie stopped talking and clasping her hands behind her head and leaned back in the chair and with closed eyes rocked slowly to and fro. Phil did not speak and presently she stopped rocking and addressed him abruptly.

"Phil, don't you believe the police could have kept them from killing Tim?"

"Kept them?" he responded in a tone expressive of the utmost disgust. "The police have kept them?" In his anger at the thought her question brought up he got up and began to pace the room. "It would have been the easiest thing in the world, but those descendants of the devil simply had their friends get up the mob

and then turned him over to them. Why, Maggie, it seems that not long ago it was agreed that in case of a riot or any big trouble the Marshall Rifles were to be called to their armory by a signal or riot alarm, which was arranged to be seven strokes on the fire bells, repeated three times.

"Well last night after Tim was locked up and the whites had begun to talk about lynching him instead of taking him to the jail and getting men there quietly to guard it, the police had the riot alarm rung."

"I heard the fire bells ringing slowly," interrupted Maggie, "but I didn't know what it meant and could not see any fire."

"Neither did I, and as I didn't see any blaze and was so tired I did not go out to see what it meant, or God knows Tim would not be the only one dead. But what I wanted to say was that the signal on the bells was really to draw a big crowd to make up the mob and not for the Rifles, but more than half the whole company of the Rifles went to their armory and waited there about an hour expecting to be called on to guard the station-house where they knew Tim was locked up. But nobody wanted them then. The mayor was in town and so was Judge Hughes, and either one had the power to order them to serve, but they didn't and after a long time the men left."

He was walking the floor of the little parlor talking as much to himself as to his companion.

"Last night they were ordered out quick enough," he resumed bitterly, "when it was reported that the 'Logville niggers' were coming to burn the town, and every white man and boy who owned a gun or pistol was invited to act as a guard."

The girl was excited, too, now. She rose and went over to Phil so as to talk in a lower tone.

"Can't we do something to stop it. Phil? Can't we fight? If you say so I

will go around and make every woman who is in service promise when we are ready to help to burn this place down to the ground."

He shook his head and smiled faintly.

"No, that would not do. Before you had talked to the third woman you would be arrested. More than half of them would tell all your plans."

"But we can surely do something. I've heard it said that even a worm will turn when it is pushed too far and God knows we've been pushed far enough. I was crying and screaming the other night because I am a woman; but, Phil, I am cut to the heart and I can fight, for there is nothing I care for now and if I can help to do something of them I don't care if I am killed. You remember that colored man in New Orleans who shot fourteen white men when they tried to arrest him for nothing? Phil, ain't you going to do anything about their murdering Tim?"

She was thoroughly worked up now and as she stood erect with flashing eyes watching him intently it seemed as though she had challenged him and was awaiting a reply.

Phil's face was drawn and hard from the ordeal of the recent events and he gazed silently at the girl for a moment and then motioned her to resume her seat. When he spoke it was calmly and with deliberation, but his tone was full of a deadly determination.

"Maggie, as God is my witness I promise you this town shall pay in full for what has been done to Tim—and to me. You know I was a convict—I wore the stripes for three years on account of this same George Nislock. You know that place I bought and how I worked for the money and to get it fixed up the way it was?"

She nodded her head silently.

"Well this fellow met me one night when he was with his gang and started in to do me up, just for the fun of it, and for defending myself with a pocket knife and cutting him to save my life I got



three years, for *murderous assault*, unprovoked. And to cap the climax while I was serving my time in some way the insurance company was induced to cancel my policy and the house was set on fire and destroyed." He walked over to the table and sat on the edge of it.

"This settles it now, though. I could even have stood what they did to me, for Hallie is dead and I was going away and start all fresh, but not now," he finished with an imprecation. "Not now. All the white people here are not against us I know, and some of them are very square, but they are running things and when they get to such a state that we don't have a show even for our lives, why it's time to call their hand and I'm going to make a call very soon."

"And I am going to help you," the girl cried. "You know Tim was—Tim was—" her voice broke and she stopped to clear her throat. "There's nothing I am bothered about now, and like you say our people can't trust each other much, so I'll help you in anything you want."

"Will you?" he asked eagerly, though with the shadow of a doubt in his tone. "Do you realize what it will mean to help me? You may be killed, for there is going to be hell here when it is started and hundreds of people may be done for. They've got us dead to rights, all the money and guns, and they in charge of everything, and in a fight even if we all stood together we wouldn't last three minutes, but there will be one blow struck that will ruin this God-forsaken town for the next ten years." And his eyes blazed and his voice shook with indignation and anger at the wrongs suffered.

The indignities that had been inflicted and a long realization of the hurtful race friction had for years cankered and eaten into the man's soul and now this new and most awful crime had raised such a deadly resentment in his heart that he was like an animal long teased and tormented who suddenly grows desperate

and turns upon his tormentors with a fury blind to all results and regardless of his own life.

The position of Philip Whiting and of his uncle and the dead Timothy had been particularly onerous. While the better class of the whites regarded with approval and also assisted with the advancement of their less fair-skinned fellow citizens, there was another element which looked with strong disfavor upon anything done on the part of the colored people which to them appeared an attempt at rivalry or superiority, and woe to those individuals who became especially noticeable for their success of any kind. While they had friends in the other race and a more or less hearty support from their own, their lot was far from being enviable.

The colored ministers of the city were patronizingly regarded with considerable good will and looked upon as necessary and useful, while the one colored physician, a most competent and skilful man who was at first barely tolerated, probably commanded more genuine respect than any other one member of his race.

The two Laws families, or properly speaking, one member of each family had for several years been special objects of the dislike and envy of some of their less sombre-hued neighbors. The deceased Timothy, who as a boy had assisted his father to build up the lucrative business they conducted and in addition had saved a tidy sum of money, had, like his cousin, acquired the notion that he was as much a man and had the same rights as anyone else. In fact, they both thought themselves "as good as white men." Such an idea was outrageous and not to be tolerated for an instant; so the result for them had been trouble and annoyance.

Phil had learned the trade of carpentering and a few years previous had purchased a small house. He had just finished paying for it when an aunt died and left him a considerable sum of money,

part of which he deposited in the bank, and renting his house out went off up 'North' to college for two years. And later when he returned, "stuck up," and resumed his work in a quiet but manly and independent way the trouble occurred which made him a convict for three years and left him with a rankling sense of the injustice of existing conditions, and with a deep-rooted enmity towards the whites.

And now this cruel murder of his cousin let loose all the pent up wrath within him, and past all fear of consequences and regardless of results he resolved to strike at his foes with all the might of his outraged being.

"Phil," the girl asked with deep concern, "I heard the noise and shooting last night and the bells ringing that riot alarm again, and several times I saw from the window parties of men and boys going along with guns and clubs. It was just terrible and most of the men walked out in the middle of the street and kept watching all around like they were afraid, and once a crowd stopped down at the corner and fired off their guns and pistols. It scared Uncle Jim awful. What was it all about?"

"What was it about?" he answered fiercely. "They were frightened; that's what it was about. As I told you, somebody telephoned the mayor that five hundred Negroes were coming over from Logville to burn the town. He ordered out the Rifles quick enough last night and had the firemen all armed and invited every white man or boy with a weapon to help defend the place against a set of men who never had the slightest intention of doing harm. They even had a lot of farmers in with old muskets and shot guns.

"Curse them! They'll get more than they want before long, and not from the Logville crowd, either."

It was as he said, the authorities who had been unable to protect one prisoner against a mob which would have been powerless in the face of resistance were

thrown into a frenzy of excited fear at the rumor of an attack by the unarmed Negro laborers of Logville and as a result all the white male citizens of Nolor-ton on the night in question patrolled the city armed to the teeth, with squads of men guarding all the roads leading from the county and parading the militia and fire department through the colored districts to overawe the Negroes and prevent them from "rising" to assist the expected invaders.

Wonderful to relate the night passed without disaster. There was no foundation whatever for the Logville rumor, but that there was no clash within the town between the races in the awful tension was most extraordinary.

Phil Whiting to the surprise of many secured work as an ordinary laborer and for more than a week he assisted a gang of men working at the city reservoir and helped to dig trenches and lay water pipes like a beaver. The water mains were being renewed and at this unaccustomed task he labored for the most paltry wages for the space of ten days and then suddenly stopped and left town for a week. When he returned he carried a new grip with him which he took directly to his room, and after sending word to Maggie that he would see her at night he spent all the afternoon working busily, locked in his apartment.

From the grip Phil took several articles, wrapped in the softest packing as though of the most fragile construction. One package proved to contain a dozen empty bottles which he proceeded to fill with a clear liquid, and dropped in each a piece of a brownish substance taken from a small jar of water in which were a lot of the queer looking brown lumps.

Another package carefully done up in batting he did not open, but wrapped still more carefully and laid tenderly upon a shelf, handling it as though it were the most fragile of china.

His preparations occupied several hours and it was nearly dark before they

were completed. With feet on the edge of a table and a brier pipe in his mouth he leaned back in the chair and smoked, apparently as calm and serene as the most peaceful man living, and his demeanor suggested anything but the terrible deeds for which he was preparing.

His reflections were interrupted by a knock on the door from his landlady, who came to call him to dinner.

"All right," he called out. "I'll be down in a minute."

She did not leave the door at once and he was about to ask if she wished anything when she spoke again.

"Mr. Phil."

"Yes?"

"Is you heered about Silas White?"

His feet came to the floor with a bang and going quickly to the door he unfastened it and faced the old woman with an apprehension of evil news.

"What is it about him, Aunt Hannah?"

"He killed a police 'bout a hour ago and the yuther police done beat him most to death an' put him in jail. Reckon they'll lynch him tonight. They say his folks is takin' on turrible 'cause they thinks Silas 'll be took out tonight an' hung."

For a moment he stood stupefied, glaring at the old woman and turned and entering his room again locked the door. Presently she knocked timidly. "Comin' to dinner, Mr. Phil?"

"No. But please make me some strong coffee at once, Aunt Hannah."

In a few minutes he came down stairs with a bundle in his hands and after drinking the coffee went out.

The streets were filled with people discussing the shooting and from friends he learned the details. It seemed that Silas White and a white neighbor of his had engaged in a discussion of the lynching of Timothy Laws, and from words had proceeded to blows, the colored man getting the best of the fistic argument. This happened in a colored neighborhood and the man who was defeated, boiling with

rage and mortification, sought the nearest policeman for assistance. The latter, instead of having a warrant procured, went at once to make the unauthorized arrest. White, fearing trouble, had fastened himself inside his house and when the officer broke open his door he killed him.

Phil made straight for the home of Silas White. In his excited condition of mind anything which affected one of his race was personal with him, for it made no difference whether White had shot the officer in self-defence or not, the fact that he had killed him was sufficient to doom him to a violent death at the hands of a mob and possibly to cause a general outbreak against the colored people.

He found things in a pitiable state, the wife and one son had been unmercifully clubbed by the dead policeman's comrades when they took Silas, and the whole family were nursing wounds and weeping at the summary fate they knew was in store for the head of the family before the next morning. But there was one exception to those who were helplessly bewailing and that was a younger brother of Silas. When Phil entered the house he came hastily but quietly down from a room upstairs to see who the new arrival might be and Phil noticed he held something in his hand behind him. Seeing who the visitor was he silently beckoned Phil to follow him upstairs where he had been trying to put an old army musket in working order.

"What are you going to do, Henry?" asked Phil, examining the ancient weapon. This is not much good to fight with."

"I know it ain't, Phil, but it's all I got. Can't no black man buy nothin' to shoot with in this town now, an' he'd git put in jail mighty quick if he tried to. No, I know this ole gun an' I'm goin' to fill her up with slugs an' nails an' she'll drop more'n one white man 'fore this night's gone. I know they goin' after Silas after a piece, an' I reckon they'll git him, but he will sure have company when he goes.

"Phil, can't you help me some?" turning impulsively to his friend. "They done enough to you, an' to Tim. They just killin' us off like a passel of mad dogs, an' we don't git no more show. Not a bit."

Phil was close to him and he took the musket from his hand and put it in the corner.

"Henry," he said quietly, "I have something better than that. It's dynamite. That is what I went away to get. I learned how to use it while I was a convict. I haven't time now to explain about it, but I want you to get a pick and shovel and come with me right away, for we have only about two hours left."

It was one of those intensely dark nights without a moon when the stars though clear and sharp seem a long way off and but serve to accentuate the gloom below. Outside the town on Bendow Heights, where the reservoir and waterworks were situated, everything as perfectly quiet and deserted. The gangs of men who were laying the new main pipes had left their carts and barrows and immense sections of new pipe scattered in great confusion on either side of the open trenches, and among these objects two figures with bundles in their hands silently picked their way on the side farthest from the office building until the end of one of the trenches nearest the reservoir was reached.

"Be careful not to rattle those things, Henry. I don't think there is anyone around as I sent the watchman a message that I hope will keep him in town until very late, but if anyone does come I'm going to shoot. Right here, there is only about two feet of earth left on this pipe and the other is out of service entirely, so you go ahead with your spade first, while I get this stuff ready."

"Be mighty careful with it, Phil, till I get out of here," said Henry nervously as he began to throw up the soft earth.

Down in the half-opened trench the two men worked rapidly and silently to

reach the pipe beneath them. Once a noise at one of the carts caused them to drop their shovels and they crouched with drawn pistols waiting for an attack, but it proved to be only a prowling dog who left hastily when a stone was thrown at him.

It did not take long to reach the big pipe and clear a sufficient amount of the surface for the purpose in view and Henry White, to whom the plan was entirely new, drew back with extreme modesty as Phil began to handle the dynamite.

"Phil," he asked anxiously, "won't the water wash half the town away?"

"No, I only wish it would," replied Phil. "It will follow the road and strike the river below the bend, but whatever it hits will never know it."

"What will Maggie start the fires in the lumber yards with?"

"Benzine. She has bottles filled with it with a lump of phosphorus in each, and when she throws a bottle it will smash and start a fire blazing instantly. I had to change about this stuff and instead of using a battery to set it off I am putting on time fuses, as I want to be in town ready when it goes off."

The conversation was in whispers and in a few moments Phil handed his companion a little bundle and he started for the city at once while Phil remained to complete his preparations.

It was now after eleven o'clock and on the main streets and in all the saloons were groups of men and large boys talking earnestly together and drinking and—waiting.

The only colored people seen on the streets were those returning from their work and who were compelled to be out late, and in the colored section it was very quiet. They were in their houses, certain that before the night ended Silas White would die. Some were angry and sullen, some were weeping or praying, and all were helpless. All but two, Phil and the brother of Silas White, and Maggie was helping them.



The deadly calm that hung over the city was suddenly broken by the sound of a fire alarm bell, almost instantly followed by a second. They did not ring the usual quick summons to battle with a conflagration, but slowly and solemnly with a knell that filled the hearts of hearers with terror each bell struck down seven, three times.

With a common impulse, as if waiting for the signal, the little knots of waiting men in the streets began to move and converge toward the jail. In a short time there were thousands in front of the prison and the leaders of the mob demanded of the jailor, who was inside, to open the doors. He refused, and the crowd burst into an angry roar and pushed toward the iron doors.

In the midst of the uproar a city official, mindful too late of his neglected duty, forced his way through the throng and upon the low steps, and for an instant succeeded in getting quiet while he implored them not to storm the jail, but to let the man be executed by the law, which he promised them should be speedily accomplished.

For a moment it seemed he would be successful, but only for a moment. The mob was blood crazy and nothing would answer but the prisoner's life, and sweeping the speaker from the steps the assault began.

With sledges and steel bars the attack on the entrance was waged vainly until somebody suggested that a heavy timber be procured and used as a battering ram.

Diagonally across from the jail was an alleyway and the light from an electric lamp fell slantingly across the mouth, making the darkness beyond the more intense. Beyond the rays of the light in the alley next to a low shed crouched the figure of a man intently watching the siege. Twice he straightened up and put his hand in his pocket as though he was going to take something out, but each time he paused and stooped again.

Across at the prison they had procured

a telegraph guy pole and the crowd opened to let the men bearing it reach the door. George Nislock, the policeman's son, stood on the doorstep unmasked directing the attack. Strong arms raised the pole and with a rush hurled it against the iron portal. The door shivered and the crowd yelled, certain that in a minute they would have their prey.

Across the way the man in the alley rose to his full height and taking an object from his pocket fumbled with it hurriedly, and then as the battering ram was about to strike home again he drew back his arm and hurled the thing with all his might straight at the door of the jail and threw himself flat on the ground.

He had thrown a stick of dynamite and it struck directly over George Nislock's head.

The door was open now, as well as half the front of the jail, but the mob made no move to enter. Those still on their feet were paralyzed, and before the roar of the explosion had fairly ceased the man in the alley was on his feet again and threw a second bomb high in the air which fell right in the midst of the stupefied lynchers.

It struck on the hard cobblestones on the street, and the entrance to the jail was made yet larger.

With fearful cries those who were not killed or maimed ran for their lives, and the man in the alley ran, too.

As the frenzied people rushed in all directions from the building around which they had so lately gathered to take a man to kill him, and where such a frightful disaster overtook them, there reached their ears another loud report, the explosion at the reservoir.

After Henry White had left Phil, and the latter knew by the sounds that reached him that the storming of the jail was begun, he lighted the slow fuse attached to the dynamite in the water main and hastily followed his friend to town to complete his part in the destruction.

. . . . .

Long after midnight there was a rap on the door of James Laws' house, and after an anxious questioning Maggie opened the door to admit Phil. She closed and fastened it quickly behind him and as she turned he saw that her eyes were moist with tears.

"What is the matter?" he asked in alarm. "Were you hurt?"

"No," she replied. "But Phil, Uncle Jim is dead."

"Dead?" he echoed. "When did it happen?"

"Yes, when he heard the fire bells and the explosions it brought on an attack of his heart trouble and he passed away."

In the light of the recent happenings the death of the old man seemed almost a minor affair and Phil could not help showing it.

"Poor man," he remarked, and then at once his mind returned to the other events. The agreement had been for Maggie to start the fires in the lumber yards on hearing the report at the reservoir, when, the waterworks crippled, the city would be helpless against the conflagration. Awful as such a thing was, even for a man to do, she had eagerly volunteered to assist in his scheme for revenge upon Nolorton.

"Then of course you could not do—"

"Yes," she interrupted. "I left him asleep and his brother was here with him. I slipped out quietly, Phil, and had the bottles all ready. When I reached Larkin's planing mill it was so still and dark I knew nobody would interrupt me and I threw two of the bottles into a pile of laths and they started a blaze at once. But when I thought of how the lumber ran up town for squares and squares and that hundreds of houses and maybe people would be burned to death, why I just couldn't do it. Even the thought of poor Tim did not seem to matter and I cried out as loud as I could and two men came and broke into the mill and got a fire tank and put it out. And I threw the rest of the bottles in the river. I wanted to help

you, Phil, but I couldn't do it after all."

She looked at him fearing his disapproval, but he smiled a little, and said quietly:

"I am glad you didn't, Maggie. I blew up the main at the reservoir and came in to wreck the gas works and the electric plant, but when I passed the jail and saw what was done there, men blown all to pieces and a lot injured and dying, why I stopped. God knows they've paid for Tim's death and what they did to me.

"And then, too, I don't know that fighting will help us much in the long run; we should lose in the end. George Nislock was done for at the jail and I hadn't the heart to do any more harm."

For a while they sat in silence, each reflecting on the recent terrible events. The man was the first to speak.

"Where is Uncle Jim's brother?"

"Gone to get some friends, to see about making arrangements for the funeral. What are you going to do now, Phil?"

He rose wearily.

"I'm going away, Maggie, tonight. I can't stay after what's happened. I sold my empty lot and have several hundred dollars, enough to make a small start out West, where I am going. And you?"

"I don't know," laying her head on her hands. "I don't know, Phil. Tim's gone and now Uncle Jim, and I don't care much about anything."

"Maggie, hadn't you better come with me? I have a team waiting to drive down tonight to my grandmother's in the country to stay a few days till things have quieted down a little, and hadn't you better come along with me?"

"What do you mean, Phil? To—to—"

"Yes. To marry me and go West together. I'm not pretending anything, Maggie, and I know how you feel about poor Tim, but if I live I will accomplish something yet, and if you are willing we can work together and maybe help our people a little. What do you say, will you come?"

"Yes, Phil, I'll go with you."

## JOHN C. DANCY.\*

EDITOR — AUTHOR — ORATOR.

RECORDER OF DEEDS FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

CYRUS FIELD ADAMS.

One of the most noted Afro-Americans of the present day is John C. Dancy, the editor, author and orator, who is now Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia. Mr. Dancy was born of slave parents at Tarboro, N. C., May 8, 1857, yet at the age of forty-five he has distinguished himself in many ways, and holds one of the very important governmental offices.

Young Dancy lived on a farm about a mile from Tarboro, now a part of Princeville, a town of which the mayor and other town officers are Afro-Americans; here he remained until the war closed. When the act of emancipation became effective, his father moved to Tarboro and began work as a contractor and builder. Assisted by a few friends, Dancy the elder organized a church and school, sending North for a preacher and teacher. At this school our subject was entered, and at the end of the term he led the class—and there he stood for the succeeding years. He was made to work after school hours and during vacations, and in this way he learned the printer's art in an office where he was greatly liked and shown many favors.

At fourteen years of age he was pressman and typo in the office of the Tarboro Southerner, a Democratic newspaper; was town bell ringer, that is, he rang the town bell four times a day as time-keeper for laborers who worked under the town hour system; and also tolled the curfew bell every night at 9 o'clock, at which hour all boys had to go to their homes. During the cotton season he picked cotton. For all of this work young Dancy

was getting twenty-four dollars per month.

In 1873, he entered Howard University at Washington, D. C., but in consequence of the death of his father he was obliged to return to his home, where he continued his studies and began teaching before he was seventeen. Later he returned to Howard and resumed his studies, but did not graduate. At the age of nineteen years he was principal of the public school in his native city, having nine assistant teachers and four hundred pupils. The next year he was appointed by Congressman John A. Hyman, the first Afro-American Congressman from North Carolina, to a position at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and afterward transferred to a place at Washington, D. C., in the office of the Sixth Auditor of the Treasury. Later he resigned—an unheard of thing at that time—returning to North Carolina to engage in school work at a much smaller salary.

Mr. Dancy was elected state grand secretary of the Independent Order of Good Templars, in which position he became thoroughly known throughout the state. In 1878 he represented the state grand lodge at the meeting of the grand lodge of the world, held at Boston, speaking with Wendell Phillips at a great meeting held in Tremont Temple. In 1879 he went as delegate to Liverpool, England, at which meeting he was elected Grand Marshal. While in England he spoke at Crystal Palace, London, from the same platform with Dr. Talmage.

In 1880, Mr. Dancy was elected Register of Deeds of his native county, Edge-

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combe, by twenty-five hundred majority, his campaign being a most memorable one; he was re-elected by a similar majority in 1882. He presided over the state convention held at Goldsboro, N. C., in 1881, to protest against discrimination in the selection of jurors. His speech on that occasion was widely circulated and received numerous newspaper comments, the majority being quite favorable.

In 1879, Rev. J. C. Price, D.D., one of the most famous of Afro-American orators, then just gaining prominence, began a joint lecture tour of the state with Mr. Dancy; Price descanting on "One Hour with the People," and Dancy talking on "Scenes and Incidents Abroad."

As both were young men and very popular with the masses, they drew large crowds everywhere. The two were always close friends.

Mr. Dancy was first elected secretary of the state republican convention in 1878, and was elected thereafter, at every convention for ten consecutive terms, covering twenty years. He has been a delegate to numerous national republican conventions, going twice from the state-at-large. In 1884, at Chicago, he made a speech seconding the nomination of Gen. John A. Logan for vice-president, which aroused the convention to great enthusiasm. In 1888, he seconded the nomination of Senator John Sherman for the Presidency in a speech which stirred the whole audience of fifteen thousand. The late President McKinley was one of the first to grasp his hand and warmly congratulate him, when he had finished. Mr. Dancy has been prominent as an orator in national campaigns since 1888, having spoken by appointment from the national republican committee in the states of Virginia, West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, New Jersey, New York, Maryland, Tennessee, Kentucky and Pennsylvania, and he has canvassed every Congressional district in his native state. In the memorable campaign of 1898, he canvassed the entire state and

spoke in Wilmington, the three nights immediately preceding the election, when all of the speakers of his party had declined to even go there. It was during that campaign that he canvassed the second or black district when all of the other speakers had quit because of threats and intimidation. Mr. Dancy does not boast of his bravery, but his has stood all tests.

When the trouble occurred at Wilmington, he passed through the mob on his way to his office and was in his office (collector of customs) when the firing began. He at once ordered a carriage to take his wife to the boat, whence she was carried to Fayetteville, after which he remained at his post of duty until the trouble had passed. In the meantime he personally appealed to those in authority to protect his race from the fury of the lawless element.

Mr. Dancy was appointed collector of customs at Wilmington, N. C., by President Harrison in 1891, serving out the term. In 1898, President McKinley appointed him to the same place. Before completing his term he was appointed recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia, to succeed Hon. H. P. Cheatham. He was confirmed the three times by the United States Senate without one opposing vote.

Mr. Dancy was for several years editor of the *Star of Zion*, the official organ of the A. M. E. Zion Church, of which he is a prominent member, though only a layman. He has edited the *Quarterly Review*, the literary organ of the same church, for several years.

He has been appointed a member of three joint commissions to effect a union between the A. M. E. and the A. M. E. Zion churches, and has heartily favored the union each time, as he believes the good of the race demands it. He is on a commission now to effect a union between the C. M. E. and the A. M. E. Zion churches.



He has been twice elected a delegate to the ecumenical council of the Methodists of the world, and read a paper on "Secondary Education" at that session held in Washington in 1891. This body meets only once in ten years. He was also a delegate to the centennial of Methodism held at Baltimore in 1884. Mr. Dancy was manager of the great centennial of Zion Methodism held in New York in 1896. He is an active churchman, an Odd Fellow, a True Reformer, and a supporter of everything which looks to race uplift. In 1898 he addressed the B. M. C. of the Odd Fellows at St. Louis, stirring five thousand members to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

He is a director of the Coleman Cotton Mills at Concord, N. C., was president of a building and loan association at Wilmington, N. C., and has always urged his race to practice economy and thrift.

He is always conservative in word and act, believing discretion to be the better part of valor. He always gives his race the best of counsel, when called upon, and his opinions are rarely assailed. Mr. Dancy delights in saying that his editorial opinions have been as little attacked as those of any editor in the country, although he has been writing for twenty years.

He was elected president of the press association in 1894. In 1898 he delivered the principal address at the unveiling of the Frederick Douglass monument at Rochester, N. Y., Miss Susan B. Anthony of anti-slavery fame being among the other speakers. At formation of the National Afro-American Council, which was organized at that time, Mr. Dancy became one of the charter members, and has never missed a meeting since.

Mr. Dancy has been married twice—first to Miss Laura G. Coleman of Morganton, N. C. His present wife was Miss Florence V. Stevenson of Allegheny City, Pa. To the first five children were born, two of whom are now living, and to the second two children, one of whom survives. He is fond of his home and family.

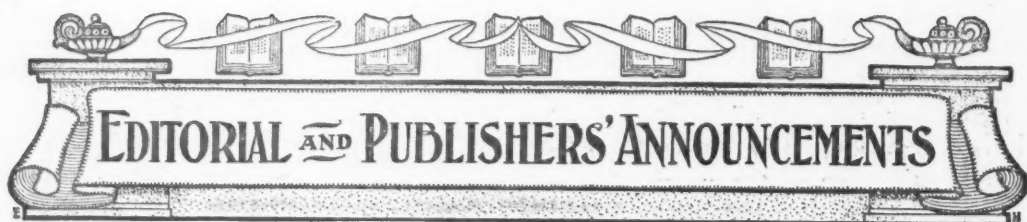
Mr. Dancy has delivered commencement addresses at Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., Tuskegee, Lincoln Institute, Pa., and Avery Institute, Charleston, S. C., and has lectured on various subjects in nearly all of the leading cities of the country.

By the exercise of economy he has secured a competence sufficient to keep the wolf from the door.

## THE BATTLEGROUND.

BENJAMIN GRIFFITH BRAWLEY.

Let me live close to men's hearts. In the years  
When youth is full, let me know men and grow  
Into the knowledge of their pulsing souls.  
Not on some distant height where in the veil  
Fame tapers and the siren temples blaze,  
May my days pass, but on a lower ground,  
Where men of might brave dubious circumstance,  
Where sorrow wears the heart, would lose the soul,  
Where earnest life demands the high ideals.  
In lusty labor and the fight with fire,  
Or sin, unlovable benightedness,  
May I know men, and knowing learn to love,  
And loving learn to help them in their toil.



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**STEADFASTNESS.**

Nay, never falter, no great deed is done  
By falterers who ask for certainty.  
No good is certain but the steadfast mind,  
The undivided will to seek the good;  
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings  
A human music from the indifferent air.  
The greatest gift a hero leaves his race  
Is to have been a hero. — *George Eliot.*

What an inspiration for each one of us in these beautiful lines of George Eliot's, as we once more push out into another unknown year—the third of the new century. What more fitting motto could we take to help in the many storms and trials that are sure to beset us before the year shall have reached its close.

Certainly a steadfast mind and a trusting heart will enable us all to more nearly do our whole duty as God shall show it to us. Let us each one simply take himself or herself in hand and see to it that during this new year we earnestly seek to have "the steadfast mind, the undivided will to seek the good."

No one in this life can ask for certainty in any venture that they may undertake. The present only is ours. The future—how little we can possibly know of what it has in store. But we do know that God is our Father; may we not all be as brothers? Certainly this spirit, if generally entered into, would settle much of the present discontent between mankind everywhere. How easy to settle the vexed "Race Problem." If the Church of Christ today would but follow the single teachings of their great leader, look upon God as their Father, and mankind as their brethren, what a mighty stride would be

made in helping forward the day longed for by all thoughtful minds. But, many will say, that is impossible.

Nothing is impossible with God. The only necessary requisite is that his people simply take him at his word. Create the steadfast mind and heart, and then help on that blessed union of all his children.

We wish at this time to call the attention of all of our readers to the fact that only by becoming a regular subscriber, can they be sure of receiving the magazine monthly. We make special efforts to keep our force of agents intact, but naturally, in the changing of vocations, there must at best be many changes in our local representatives. We are constantly in receipt of complaints from former readers, asking where the magazine can be had, and stating that the party who was formerly our agent, had moved away. Some even go so far as to inquire if the magazine is still being published.

We are still here at the old stand, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass., where our magazine has been issued regularly for nearly three years. If you are interested in the publication, send us on one dollar and fifty cents, and you will have no more bother for at least twelve months in receiving the magazine regularly. Of if you prefer to take advantage of our special *Free Subscription Offer*, write us at once for our offer No. 3, and it will be sent you immediately. Address, Subscription Department.